Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18TH 1828. [NUMBER 1985.

Higgs & Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 19th Instant.
THE PROPETY OF A FAMILY
RETURNED TO ENGLAND

CONSISTING of Silver Curry Dishes, Plated Soup Tureen, bottle Stands, Egg Stand, Tea and Sugar Pots, Candlesticks, Glass and Earthenware, Household Furniture &c.

AT ONE O'CLOCK.
SEVERAL TENTS
A PALANQUIN
AND A NEAT
SHIGRAMPOE.

Meadows Street, 18th June 1828.

TO BE SOLD
BY AUCTION
On FRIDAY the 20th Instant,
AND FOLLOWNG DAYS
ALL THE MODERN
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
CARRIAGES, HORSES &c.
OF
THOS. BUCHANAN ESQ.
AT HIS RESIDENCE,
CHINZ-POOGLY,
BY
Higgs and Briggs

COMPRISING Neat Chairs with and without Arms, Oval Tables, Large and Small Dining Ditto, Sofa and Card Tables, Octagan Ditto with Drawers, Couches, Book-cases, Skreens, eight day Clock by McCabe, Side-board, Tea Caddies, Large and Small Bedstead, with Mattresses &c. Complete Wardrobes, Chests of Drawers, Washing Tables, Dressing Ditto and Dressing Glasses, Warm Bath, Biddets, Vase Lamps, Wall Shades, Ditto with Drops, Candlesticks and Shades, Argaund Lamps, Sugar Jars, Silver Table and Dessert Forks, Table Dessert and Tea Spoons, Plated Curry Dishes, Waiter Epergne, Tea Set and Breakfast Dinner and Dessert of Porcelain Glass-ware, Cooking Utensels &c.

Fine Old London Particular Madeira, Old Sherry &c.

AT ONE O'CLOCK,
ON FIRST DAY'S SALE
WILL BE PUT UP
A NEAT ENGLISH BUILT
LANDAULETTE.
WITH SPARE WHEELS,
AND A PAIR OF CAPITAL
ARAB HORSES
AND HARNESS,
A NEAT AND VERY LIGHT
BAROUCHE
WITH A PAIR OF SUPERIOR
Carriage Horses
AND HARNESS,
AND
A LIGHT
SHIGRAMPOE
WITH A STRONG
ARAB HORSE
AND HARNESS.

The Property is now on view, and Catalogues may be had of the Auctioneers.

Bombay, 18th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow the 19th Instant.

NEW Hunting Saddles complete, Superfine Foolscap Paper, and a variety of other articles.

AT ONE O'CLODE.

A CURRICLE
AND
HARNESS.

Meadows Street, 18th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
SUPERIOR
Black Bombazine
MADE FOR CLIMATE
PRICE Rs. 2-2-0 per. Yard.

Meadows Street, 18th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
A
BUGGY HORSE,
6 YEARS OLD, HEIGHT 14 HANDS,
PRICE [illegible]

The Property of a Gentleman returned to England.

Meadows Street, 18th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE.
ON COMMISSION
A HIGH CAST
CHESNUT ARAB
Saddle Horse
PRICE Rs. 500
ALSO
A HANDSOME
CHESNUT CHARGER
OR LADY'S HORSE.
PRICE Rs 800.

Meadows Street, 18th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs.

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
A LIGHT MADRAS BUILT
SHIGRAMPOE
PRICE Rs. 850;
A NEAT
CURRICLE
WITH SHIFTING SHAFTS,
Rs. 550;
AND A PAIR OF
TWELVE INCH
GLOBES
Rs. 180.

Meadows Street, 18th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED.
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
A NEAT
SHIGRAMPOE,
PRICE Rs. 600.

Meadows Street, 18th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE,
ON COMMISSION.
A GOLD
HUNTING WATCH,
By McCabe,

With a rich Chain, two Seals and Key.
PRICE Rs. 400.

Meadows Street, 18th June 1828.

TO BE LET.

A WELL known and Commodious House Called the BEE HIVE was lately Occupied by GEO. W. ANDERSON Esquire, for particulars.—Apply to JUGONNATHJEE SUNKERSETT.

FOR SALE

HODGSON'S PALE ALE of October brewing, now landing from the Ship *Medina*, in quantities of not less than 5 Hhds. or 2 Butts.

Price per Butt....240 Rs. } Cash.
Do. per Hhd.... 120 " }

Apply to ARDASEER NASSERWANJEE, at the Office of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 18th June 1828.

FOR SALE
AT THE
GODOWNS
OF THE
SUBSCRIBERS.

A CONSIGNMENT of Superior ST. JULIEN MEDOC and HAUTBRION—CLARET—SAUTERNE and old Cognac BRANDY, all in cases of 1 dozen each, now landing per *Buffon* from BORDEAUX, from the respectable House of PELLETREAN and SON at Rs. 15 per dozen.

Old London Particular MADEIRA, 3 years in India from PHELPS, PAGE and CO.

AT Rs. 600 PER PIPE.
RITCHIE STEUART & CO.

Rampart Row, 16th June 1828.

TO BE SOLD
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
AT THE
GODOWNS
OF THE
SUBSCRIBERS

To-morrow THURSDAY, the 19th Instant.
AT
12 O'CLOCK NOON

A BALE, and Sundry Bundles of COTTON YARN, landed in a damaged state from the Ships *Gallovedian* and *Duncan Gibb* from LIVERPOOL.

RITCHIE STEUART & CO.

Rampart Row, 17th June 1828

FOR SALE,
AT THE
GODOWNS
OF
MESSRS. REMINGTON CRAWFORD AND CO.

FINE OLD SHERRY (Pale and Brown) in Butt and Hogshead, at . . . . . Rs. 900 per Butt
Ditto Ditto in six or three Dozen Cases, at Rs. 23 per Doz.
First Growth CLARET from TODD AND BOSANQUET in Six dozen Casses, at Rs. 40 per Doz.

Bombay, 18th June 1828.

SECOND
Calcutta Lottery
OF 1828.

TICKETS in the above Lottery are for Sale at the Office of Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS, at Rs. 120 each.

Rampart Row, 18th June 1828.

This Day,

WEDNESDAY the 18th Instant.
FRITH
Bomanjee & Co.
WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.
AT THEIR ROOMS,
THE UNDERMENTIONED
GOODS
VIZ.

MULL Muslin, Jacconot Do. Madapolams, Long Cloth, Chintzes, Scotch Cambrics, Baftaes, Colonred Cotton Handkerchiefs, New Saddles, double Barrelled Guns, Saucepans, several articles of Household Furniture, Glass Ware, &c. &c.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.
WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
AT THEIR ROORS,
On SATURDAY the 21st INSTANT.

SEVERAL pairs of handsome Mirrors, Pier Glasses &c. with rich gilt and variegated frames.

WITH

An Invoice of Sheffield Hard Ware, comprising a most useful selection for families, there being rich hanging Argand Lamps, Grecian Ditto, Globe, and Table Lamps, safety Lanthorns, Chamber Lamps with Sinumbra Shades, Tea Trays, Cash Boxes, Japaned Dressing Cases, Brass and Block Tin Tea Kettles, Ink Stands, Italian Irons, with a very great variety of useful articles connected with general family arrangements.

TERMS CASH.

Nesbit Lane, 18th June 1828.

FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
AT
FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

THE Undermentioned valuable Watches made by Chambers, late Foreman to Roskell.

A Lady's Gold Watch, Engine-turned,.....350 Rs.
A Gentleman's Ditto Ditto..300 "
Two Silver Watches, each..175 "
One Ditto Ditto.....150 "

The above Watches are very highly finished on the "Patent Lever Principle," and worthy of attention.

Bombay, 18th June 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE for sale on Commission, a most superb full dress plume of WHITE OSTRICH FEATHERS,
PRICE 50 RUPEES.

With a selection of elegant single FEATHERS of divers colours....at 5 Rs. each.

Nesbit Lane, 18th June 1828.

SUPERIOR LONDON
BROWN STOUT
TO BE HAD
AT
FRITH
Bomanjee and Co's.
PRICE Rs. 12 PER DOZEN.

Nesbit Lane, 18th June 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,

THE 23d, 24th, and 25th Nos. of the Sphynx with the Index for the year. They have also the Oriental Herald for January and February at 5 Rs. per Copy and the six first Nos. of Mr. Buckinghams new work entitled the Athenæum at ¼ Rs. per Copy, they have also received the eight first Nos. of the Sphynx for 1828 the price of which Paper is now reduced to ¼ Rs. per No. Index 1 Rs.

Nesbit Lane, 18*th June* 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE THE PLEASURE
TO INFORM THOSE INTERESTED
THAT THEY
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION

A LARE Assortment of the newest Caractitures—which will be open to the view of any persons who wish to become Purchasers, but being expensive and liable to destruction by frequent handling, they are desired by the pary to whom they belong, not to make an unreserved display of them.

Nesbit Lane, 18*th June* 1828.

CARBONELS CLARET.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE RECEIVED

A RECENT Importation of the above Superior Wine which they are selling at Rs. 45 per dozen, they have also a great variety of the finest Wines imported by the Hon'ble Company Ships of the Season, from the first London Houses.

Nesbit Lane, 18*th June* 1828.

A CARD.

BY THE LATE ARRIVALS FROM EUROPE

FRITH BOMANJEE and Co. have received a variety of Fashionable STANHOPES, DENNETS &c. with HARNESS; direct from the Builders; also a very handsome BAROUCHETTE, a very neat PHAETON Price Rs. 1200. The above are open for inspection.

Nisbet Lane, 18*th June* 1828.

A CARD.

IN addition to the very large and Select Assortment which FRITH BOMANJEE and CO. will put up by Public Auction this day.

They will Sell a small Parcel of Mock Pearl Beads and Bugles—Lady's Hared Pins—Pearl Ornaments Cotton Stockings—Stays, English Kid Shoes &c. &c. &c.

The above are perfectly new, of the best description and sent out to a Lady who has left Bombay.

Nesbit Lane, 18*th June* 1828.

JUST LANDED FROM THE SHIP.
SURRY.

THE following valuable English Horses. viz.

A very high bred blood MARE, rising 4 years old, a superior trotter.

A stout powerful Bay GELDING near 16 hands high.

A very superior Bay COLT rising 4 years

Their pedigrees and particulars respecting them may be known on application to FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO. who have also for sale several well trained SPORTING DOGS.

A CARD.

NUSSERWANJEE AND RUTTONJEE have the pleasure to announce to their Customers and the public in general, that they have made a choice selection of a part of an Investment of goods of the usual assortment per. H. C. Ship *Abercrombie Robinson* Captain J. Innes, recently arrived, which they have Exposed for Sale at their Shop opposite to Messrs. WOOLER AND CO.

Bombay, 18*th June* 1828.

Framjee Jewajee and Co.

OPPOSITE TO
GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

BEG to acquaint their Customers and the public, that they have purchased part of the investment of Captain BAX, of the H. C. Ship *Edinburgh*, and Captain DANIEL, of the H. C. Ship *Duchess of Athol*, consisting of Hogson's Pale Ale in butts and Hogsheads, and also from Abbotts, Cognac Brandy, from Harper and Bell, Oilmans stores, consisting of Hams, Cheeses, Salted Salmon, Red herrings, Tongues in Kegs, Pickles and Sauces, Sadlery from Simpson and Nephew, consisting of Racing and getleman's Hunting and Military Saddles and Ladies Side Sadles, Harness and Whips of sorts, Plated wares, consisting of Soup Tureens, Venison and curry Dishes and warmers, Tea and Coffee Pots, Bread Baskets, Bottlestands, Hotwater Plates, Butter Pots and Liquor Frames, Eggstands, Earthen ware from A. Nash consisting of Blue printed Table Service, Clocks and Watches from McCabe and Strachan, consisting of one Eight day Sping Table Musical and quarter Clock in Elegant solid Mahogany Egyptian case, to play seven Tunes and Chimes the quarter and 12 Bells; also an Eight day Spring Table Clocks, Gold and Silver Hunting Watches, also patent Shot, Gunpowder, Snuff, Glass ware from G. Nash, and Perfumery from Ross and Stone.

Bombay, 18*th June* 1828.

Advertisement.

BICKNELL'S & MOORE'S HATS.

MANY Hats of very inferior quality having come to our hands (by parties returning from India) bearing our name stamped in them in the usual way, but certainly not of our Manufacture, we beg very respectfully to caution the Purchasers of investments against this imposition, which may be defeated by demanding our *regular printed invoice* at the time the book of investment is shewn for sale, to which invoice our certificate will henceforth be invariably attached.

The inferior Hats may Generally be detected by their softness and sponginess. as they are the long-napped waterproof Hats. which are exported in ignorance to India, and which in hot climates soon become brown and shapeless: whereas our regular, superfine Hats constantly retain their firmness and shape, and the close texture, which for so many years has rendered them the most desirable Hats sent to India.

BICKNELL AND MOORE.

London, 7th February 1828.

THE PUBLIC are advised that the following goods brought out in the *H. C. S. Duchess of Atholl* in excellent condition are now on Sale at very low rates.

CHARIOTT and BUGGY HARNESS by MILROY.
SADLERY WHIPS and HUNTING CAPS by MILROY.
ATKINS FIELD SPORTS Specimens of Riding and other humorous Sketches.
MOTHER OF PEARL handled DESSERT KNIVES and FORKS.
PORT and SHERRY from TODD.
A Butt of SHERRY, from ditto,
CHAMPAGNE, CLARET and MADEIRA from ULLOCK and Co.
Fine HAMS and pickled TONGUES.
FANCY BISCUITS.
LYNNS Nautical and Astronomical Tables.
Do. Horary Tables for ascertaining the Lat. at any time the Os. Altitude being above 5°.
Ladies and Gentlemen's DRESSING CASES handsomely fitted up and warranted to stand the climate—Russia leather ditto and writing cases, by PITTIVOY, an opportunity is offered to Flute Amateurs of getting a variety of the latest Music published as Duetts, Solos or with Pianoforte accompaniments.

Apply to MR. DICKINSON No. 5 Church Lane at any time from nine till three.

Bombay, 18*th June* 1828.

Advertisement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT SORABJEE DADY SUNTOOK of Bombay Parsee Merchant, Inhabitant, Heir, Representative and administrator of DADY SUNTOOK deceased, has contracted with ARDASEER HORMUSJEE of the same place Parsee Merchant, to sell 2 Oarts commonly called or known by the name of Churney Waddy, situated, lying and being near the Washermen's Tank without the Town Walls of Bombay, with several Houses, Stable, and their appurtenances; if any Person or Persons have any Claims, Demands, Mortgage or inheritable rights whatsoever, upon the said property of the said SORABJEE DADY SUNTOOK, he, she or they, are hereby requested to make the same known to Mr. E. C. MORGAN, within fourteen days from the date hereof, or else he, she or they will be excluded from all benefit thereof, and the amount of the said deed shall be paid after the Expiration of the above limited time to the said SORABJEE DADY SUNTOOK, by the said ARDASEER HORMASJEE without further notice.—Dated this 17th day of June 1828

જાહેર • ખબર *

ખબર• જીમાંથી• આપીએ[illegible]જે• શ્રી• મુબ ઇ જનાં• રેહવાશી• તથા વેપારી• પારશી• શી રાબજી• દાદીબાઇ• શનતોક• મરજાર• દાદી શનતોકનો• વારેશ• તથા• છોકરો• તથા• વ કાલ• ખિમાજી• પારશી• અરદેશર• ફીરમ જ જી• શ્રી• મુબઇ જનો• રેહવાશી• તથા• વેપારી ને• પીતાની• વાડી• ૨) નાંગે• ચરની• વા ડી• જે• શ્રી• મુબઇ જનાં• ફોટબાહેર• ખીલો• તથા વની• પાશેછે• તે• તથા• તેહનો• શાથે• જુ દા• જુદા• ધરો• તથા• તબેલો• તથા• જે કાઇ લગાતુ• કીં• તેશ્રુમાં• વેચાતુ• આપવાનુ• શા ટુ• કરછે* ઉપર• કહેલા• શીફરાબજી• દાદી શનતોક• વાલી• અશકેસાંમત• ઉપર• કોઇ• ખરીદી• અથવા• ખરીદીનાં• ફરેક• પરકાર નાં• દાવા• અથવા• લેહણું• અથવા• ગીરવી• દાવો• અથવા• વારેશાનો• હક• પીહોચતો• કીંમતી• તેમુરશ• અથવા• [illegible] બીજાઓ• આજથી• દીન• ૧૪ ની• મુદતમાં મીશતર• ઇ• શી• મારગેનને• જહેરકરે• કે• મુદત• ઉપરાંત• તેમકરી• અથવા• અશતરી અથવા• બીજાઓ• જહેર નહી• કરશેતો• તેં હણાંઓનો• દાવો• રદ• અને• બાતિલ• થા શે• અને• કે• ઉપર• કહેલાં• શાટાનુ• નાંખ• ઉપર• કહેલી• મુદત• પુરી• થકિા• પછે• ઉપ ર• કહેલો• અરદેશર• ફીરમજી• બીજી• હરેક બશી• જાહેર• બખર• છાપી• પરગટ• કરેા• વાનાં• ઉપર• કહેલા• શીફરાબજી• દાદીશન તોકને• આપશે*

તારીખ• ૧૭ મી• જુન• ૧૮૨૮ ઇશવી*

For Passage to London,

THE FINE FIRST CLASS SHIP
SURRY,
OF 500 TONS,
CHARLES KEMP, COMMANDER.

HAS good accommodation for Passengers, Carries an experienced Surgeon, and will be dispatched for the above port early in August.

Apply at the Office of Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Rampart Row, 18*th June* 1828.

For Freight to London.

THE SHIP,
JULIA,
OF 350 Tons
D. Grant,
COMMANDER.

HAS Superior accommodation for passengers, and will be Dispatched, on the 20th proximo.

Apply to the COMMANDER, at the Office of Messrs. WILLIAMSON, MACKILLICOL AND CO.

Bombay, 1[illegible]

For Freight and Passage

TO
LONDON LIVERPOOL
OR THE
CLYDE
THE SHIP
GALLOVIDIAN,
OF 400 TONS
John Martin
COMMANDER.
Apply at the Office of
MESSRS. *ADAM, SKINNER* AND CO.
Bombay, 18th June 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO
MADRAS AND CALCUTTA,
THE FINE SHIP
MEDINA,
OF 500 TONS,
J. Mordaunt,
COMMANDER.

WILL leave about the 1st July, Apply to Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 18[illegible]

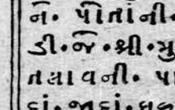
FOR SALE
AT THE
GAZETTE OFFICE
THE UNDERMENTIONED PRINTED BLANK FORMS.

BILLS of Exchange, per	cent	Rs.	2
Powers of Attorney,	each	"	5
Interest Bonds,	do.	"	2
Respondentia Bonds	do.	"	1
Policies of Insurance	do.	"	1
Bills of Lading	per cent	"	2
Price Currents	each	"	1

Bombay, 1[illegible] 1828.

For Passage to London.

THE FINE NEW SHIP
ANNANDALE,
OF 350 TONS,
Capt. Steele,



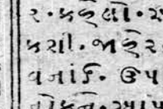
HAS good accommodation for a few Passengers, and will be dispatched early in July.

Apply to Capt. STEELE, at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 18*th June* 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO LIVERPOOL
THE FINE NEW SHIP
BOLIVAR,
OF 400 TONS
Capt. B. Winder,



HAS good accommodation for a few Passengers, and will be dispatched for the above Port on the 19th Instant.

Apply to Capt. WINDER, at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 18*th June* 1828.

GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Hon'ble the Gover[illegible] in Council.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 5TH [illegible] 1828.

No. 144,—Lieutenant W. [illegible] of the 2d Regiment of Light Cavalry [illegible] permitted to proceed to England for the recovery of his health, on furlough for three years from the date of his departure from the Presidency, in consequence of the leave granted him to the Neelgherry Hills under date the 10th April last.

No. 145.—At the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief the following appointments are made.

REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.
1st Battalion.

Lieutenant E. Stanton to be Adjutant vice Trevelyan, proceeded to Europe,—Date of appointment 21st April 1828.

8th Regiment Native Infantry.

Lieutenant W. C. Manesty to be Acting Quarter Master and Interpreter in the Hindoostanee Language, Dit. Do. 12th May 1828.

Bombay Castle, 5th June 1828.

No. 146 of 1828.—At the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief the following temporary Appointments are confirmed.

Lieutenant J. P. Cumming, of the 2d European Regiment, to Act as Line Adjutant at Deesa from the 15th May 1828, until the arrival of Lieutenant Brown at the station.

Lieutenant J. Burrowes to Act as Quarter Master and Interpreter in the Hindoostanee Language to the 14th Regiment N. I. during the absence of Ensign Dickinson, on leave at the Presidency.

Surgeon H. Powell to take charge of the Medical Store Department at Mhow, on the depar-

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18TH 1828.

(Continued from the Gazette.)

Do. Ship La Belle Alliance, T. Francis, from Maurities 12th May.

Do. Ship Camden, W. Terry, from Isle of France 8th May.

June 1. Ship David Clark, J. B. Viles, from Isle of France 7th May.

Do. Brig Pallas, J. S. Falconer, from Rangoon 10th April

3d, Brig Macauly, J. Aiken, from Moolmein 22d April, Tavoy 3d, and Acheen 12th May.

Do. Lady Holland. T. Snell. from London 6th January, Madeira 13th February. and Cape 24th April.

4th, H. M. Ship Success, Captain J. F. Studdart, from a Cruize.

DEPARTURES.

MAY 31.—Brig Lady Munro, G. Gahan, for Masulipatam,

June 1. H. M. Ship Champion, G. Delme, for Penang and London.

Do. H. M. Ship Success, J. F. Stoddart, on a Cruize.

Do. H. M. Ship Satellite, J. M. Laws, on a Cruize.

Do. Ship Euphrates, W. Buckham, for Calcutta.

Do. Ship Madras, C. Beach, for Calcutta.

Do. Brig Minerva, P. J. Philipsz, for Rangoon.

2d Ship Camden, W. Terry, for Calcutta.

3d Ship David Clark, J. B. Viles, for do.

Do. Ship Indian Oak. J. Reid, for Moulmein.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS

H. M. Ship Success. Captain J. F. Stoddart.
Ship Claudine, Captain George Flinn.
Ship Carolina, Captain J. Correya.
Ship Lady Holland, Captain T. Sneil.
Ship Sunbury, Captain G. Manning.
Bark Eliza, Ann, Captain J. Poulson.
Brig Nacauly, Captain J. Aiken.
Brig Diligent, Captain A. Gassier.

CALCUTTA.

ARRIVALS.

MAY. 25. H. C. Ship Ernaad, A. Corstorphon, from Tavoy the 4th May.

26. Bark Candian, Francis Reed from London the 15th December, and Portsmouth December.

27. Ship Lord Amherst, J. M. Ardie, from London the 25th December, and Madras the 22d May.

— H. C. Ship Sir David Scott, Capt. T. O. Mc Taggart, from London the 8th February.

29. H. C. Ship Marquis of Huntly, J. S. H. Fraser, from London the 8th February.

— Ship Poquelot, from Bourbon, left in January, date not mentioned.

29. The H. C. Ship Reliance, Captain S. Timens, from London 10th Feb.

The English Ship Exporter, Captain R. Amizt, from Hamburgh 28th November, and Deal 23d Dec.

Passengers per H. C. Ship Ernaad, A. Corstorphon, commander. From Tavoy.—Henry Gonger, Esq.

Per Bark Candian, Francis Reed, commander. From London:—Mr. George Baker, Free Mariner.

Per H. C. Ship Sir David Scott, T. O. MacTaggart, commander. From London:—Major-General the Earl of Carnwath, H. M. Service; Captain R. A. Macnaghten, Bengal Establishment; Mrs Laura Macnaghten; Captain A Smith Bengal Establishment; Miss Ann Rich; Miss Caroline Pereira; Miss Harriet Pereira; Miss Emma Roberts; Mr. Henry Fulton, M. D. Assistant Surgeon; Misses Robert Mathison, C. E. Grant, and J. J. Kinloch, Cadets; Messrs. F. T. Waghorn and John Higgins, Bengal Pilot Service; Messrs. W. F. Schnieder, R. H. Auld, and James Burrell, proceeding to reside in India: Messrs. Henry Daniel and James Taylor, proceeding to the Company's Mint; Mrs. Eliza Burns, proceeding to join her husband; Mrs. Mary Thornton, ditto ditto; George Richardson, H. M. 14th Foot, Servant to the Earl of Carnwath.

Per Ship Lord Amherst, J. M. Ardie, commander. From London:—Mr. Thompson, Civil Service; Mr. Taunton, ditto; Messrs. Macleans, Free Merchants, Ensign Lloyd, 4th Regiment; Messrs. Kennedy, Atkinson, and Vickers, Cadets; Mr. Walsh; Mr. Williams; Mrs. T. Saunders and J. Chalk, Pilot Service.

Per Ship Marquis of Huntly, Captain J. S. H. Fraser, from London:—Lieutenant-Colonel W. Brooke, H. C. Service; Reverend J. Jackson, Chaplain; Ed. J. Yealman, Assistant Surgeon; Mr. T. Jackson, Free Merchant; Misses Henrietta, Georgina, Anna, and Eliza Jeremie; Mr R. Mathews, Indigo Planter; Cadet C. Fagan, Cavy.. Cadet L. R. Keane, Infy.; Mr. Jno. Hawkins, Free Mariner; Geo. Evan, Free Merchant

Per Reliance.—Misses Ellen and Mary Ann Erskine; Rev. J. D. Wintle; Messrs. R. H. Plaske and W. S. Donnithorne, Writers; Messrs. A. Armstrong, J. Campbell, John Erskine, John R Abbott. W. G. Doh, and Robert Mackean, Cadets; Asst. Surgeon C. R. Shelton; Mr. W. Watson. Captain James Mylne; Messrs. T. Salkeld, W. Phibbs, V. Simpson, Ed Donnithorne, and John Agar, Cornets; Lieutenants Robert Jones. C. Pitman, and Groves Deverell; 131 Private and 20 Women and Children.

VESSELS SPOKEN WITH.

The Reliance on the 20th March, Lat 36 45 S. Long. 22 3 W. spoke the French ship Elizabeth from Calcutta to Bordeaux, all well. On the 23d April Lat 32. 17. S. Long 32. E. spoke the Claudine, Captain Flinn, from Madras.

DEPARTURES.

MAY 29. The H. C. Bark Brougham, Captain W. Andrews, for Akyab.

VESSELS EXPECTED TO SAIL SHORTLY.

Ship Mary, Captain John Bamber, for London.
Ship Norfolk, Captain G. J. Reed, for London.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.

At Baroda on the evening of Tuesday 10th instant, the Lady of Captain Charles Waddington, Engineers of a daughter.

At Poona, on the 11th June, Mrs. J. Summers, of a son.

At Cardiff Castle, on the 12th instant, Mrs. Ferrar, of a son.

At Mahim on Sunday, the 8th Inst. the Wife of Mr. M. H. Dias, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGE.

At Aurungabad on the 12th June by the Revd. A. Goode Chaplain Poona Division, Captain John Fawcett 6th Regt. N. I. third son of the late Henry Fawcett Esq. M. P. for the City of Carlisle to Amelia Jane Howorth, eldest daughter of the late Donald Smith Esq. Inverness.

DEATHS.

On the Morning of the 23d May, at Bhooj, Henry the son of Capt. Holden Dunbabin 22d Regiment N. I. aged 15 months.

June 4th at Noon, Mrs. White the Lady of Asst. Surgn B. White of this Establishment.

At Tellicherry at the house of Mr. Francisco P. de Silva, on the 20th ultimo, of an ague which lasted for a fortnight, Francisca J. de Silva, aged 17 years 2 months and 15 days, leaving her four brothers to lament for ever their irreparable loss of an only sister and all her friends, much concerned and chagrined.

At Mhow, on the evening of the 2d June, Lieut. Charles Thuillier, of the 2d Bombay Light Cavalry deeply and most deservedly regretted by his brother officers.

MADARS.

BIRTHS.

At the Presidency, the Lady of J. A. Hudleston, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service, of a Daughter.

At Quilon, on the 25th May, the Lady of Captain G. Faris, Commanding the Resident's Escort, of a Daughter.

At Madras on Thursday 29th ultimo, the Lady of James Thomas, Esq. of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Secunderabad, on the 20th May, Sub-Conductor John Bristow, of the Ordnance Department, to Miss Ellenor Freeman, Sister-in-Law of Conductor M'Carthy.

At Masulipatam, on the morning of the 21st May, by the Rev. E. P. Lewis, B. A., Mrs. Alexander Vanderputt, of the Madras Medical Department, to Miss Amelia Figg.

DEATHS.

At Melloro; on the 23d May, after an illness of days, Lieut. Colonel D. C Smith, of the 11th Native Infantry

At Moulmein, on the 25th March, of fever brought on by child-birth, Mary, Wife of Major Macqueen, 36th Regiment N. I. aged 30 years, leaving an afflicted husband and family to lament her loss.

At Black Town early on the morning of Saturday the 24th May, Mrs. Magdalina Balthazar Joseph an Armanian Lady, at the advanced age of 90 years.

At Pursewaukum, on the 25th May, Mr. Robert Harvey, sincerely regretted,

At Hydrabad, on the 16th May Thomas, the youngest Son of Mr. R. Long, Assistant Surveyor, aged 2½ years.

On the evening of the 30 May, fifteen days after giving birth to an Infant Son Mrs Mary Mogg, aged 20 years, sincerely lamented and regretted by her husband and numerous friends.

At Black Town, on Sunday the 18th May, to the unspeakable regret of his Parents and relative William Henry, second Son of Mr. C. P. Martin, aged 19 year.

CALCUTTA.

BIRTHS.

At Cuttack, on the morning of the 23d May Mrs. S. Atkinson of a son.

At Calcutta, on Monday the 26th May. Mrs. Malcum Gasper, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Nusseerabad, on the 12th May, by the Reverend W. Palmer, B. A Lieutenant H. Adjutant 56th Regiment N. I., to Frances, of the Reverend G. Phillips, Rector of Nevern Pembrokeshire.

DEATHS.

At Coolie Bazar, (Conductor's Quarters, 24th May. Mrs. Hannah Carroll, wife of C. Michael Carroll; aged 46 years.

At Calcutta, on the 24th May, Roger Esq., Barrister at Law; aged 39 years.

At Calcutta, on the 25th May, after a few days illness, Serjeant William Webb, of the Department Public Works; aged 32 years.

At Serampore, on the 26th May, Samuel ton, Esq., aged 63 years.

At Calcutta, on the 27th May, Captain Weston. Superintendent and Director of Telegraph Communications. after a few days illness from effects of a severe attack of Cholera: very much and deservedly regretted.

At the Coolie Bazar, (Conductor's Quarters, the 27th May, Mrs. Anne Millard, wife of Conductor J. H Millard; aged 49 years.

At Calcutta, on the 29th May, Mrs. Rozario, wife of Mr. M. D'Rozario, Pr... 33 years.

Madras.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Wednesday, June 5.

Six per Cent, Bengal Remittable Loan.

At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees ..... 28½ *Premium.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106¼ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 26½ *Premium*

Five per Cent, Bengal Unremittable Loan.

At the Rate of Subscription, viz.
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees ..½ *Discount*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Se-
106⅛ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees 1⅞ *Discount*

FORT ST. GEORGE JUNE 3. 1828.

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to the following appointments, viz.

A. F. Bruce Esq. to be Head Assistant to the Collector and Magistrate at Guntoor.

S. C. Clarke Esq. to be Register to the Provincial Court of Appeal and Circuit for the Northern Division.

H. Williams, Esq. to be Head Assistant to the Principle Collector and Magistrate of Cuddapah.

E. B. Thomson Esq. to be Head Assistant to the Collector of Salem.

43d Government Lottery.

...AY'S DRAWING OF THE SECOND CLASS,

...*the 28th May*, 1828.

Calcutta.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY. Prem.	MAY 28, 1828.	Prem.	SELL
26 0	Remittable	25 0	
Disct. 4	Old 5 per Cent. Loan,	0 10	Disct.
Prem. 2	New ditto ditto	2	Disct.
6500 0	Bank of Bengal Share	6300 0	Prem

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Private Bills	6 0
Ditto on Government Bills and Salary Bills.	4 0
Interest on Loans on Deposit	5 0

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL
1 10½	On London 6 Months } sight, per Sa. R }	1 11

PRICES OF BULLION.

Dollars	per 100 Rupees	207 8	8206 8
Sovereigns	each	11 4	
Guineas	ditto	11 9	
Old Goldmohurs	ditto	18 12	
New Ditto	ditto	17 0	

The Shipping Report of yesterday, announced the arrival of the *Candian*, Reed, from England the 29th December. By her we have received files of December Papers, which not complete, from the beginning of month, fill up an important chasm in ... ries of intelligence.

The report of this morning, announces arrival of the *Sir David Scott*, the ... and List of Passengers will be found under usual head. We observe that the celebrated writer Miss EMMA ROBERTS has come this Ship.—*Bengal Hurkaru, May 28*

Head Quarters, Camp Simla, 6th M...

No. 232. GENERAL ORDERS.

At a General Court Martial held ... on Friday the Seventh day of Dece... and continued by ... Monday ...

gether with what the Prisoner, Captain William Havelock, of His Majesty's 4th Regiment of Light Dragoons, has brought forward in his defence, are of opinion, as follows:

That he is Guilty of the first charge, with the exception of having demanded a private explanation from Lieutenant G. R. King, of the 3d Regiment Native Infantry, of which part the Court do acquit him.

With respect to the second charge, the Court is of opinion, that the prisoner is Guilty of the whole of it, and the Instances therein set forth—but in respect to the second instance of the said Charge, the Court acquit the Prisoner of highly scandalous and disgraceful conduct unbecoming the character of an Officer and a Gentleman, in having challenged Lieutenant Candy to fight a Duel with him on the morning of the 21st September 1827.

The Court having found the prisoner Guilty as above specified, do Sentence him, the said Captain William Havelock, of His Majesty's 4th Regiment of Light Dragoons, to be Cashiered.

Approved and Confirmed

(Signed) COMBERMERE. *General,*
Commander in Chief in India.

Recommendation.—The Court having performed the above painful duty, do unanimously, most respectfully and earnestly recommend the case of the prisoner to the favorable consideration of the approving power, for such clemency as may be deemed proper on account of his past meritorious services and previous unblemished character as an Officer and a Gentleman.

Remarks by the Right Honorable the Commander in Chief in India:—

In as far as the Commander in Chief in India may have been to have attended to the recommendation of the Court Martial in favour of the Officer of Captain Havelock's previous character, His Lordship considers that the case of blows having been actually given, it is imperative on him to confirm this sentence justly passed in conformity with the Articles of the Service.

His Excellency will not, however, fail to represent the gracious consideration of His Majesty through the proper channel, the aggravated and continued provocations which were received by the prisoner, which, though they cannot be considered as justifying, may, perhaps, be considered as palliating the gross [illegible] which ensued.

ges place, in the tumults of the end of July.

The Committee of the Chamber of Deputies appointed to examine whether the Charter had been observed, (a duty imposed upon the Deputies in the beginning of every Session,) made its report on the 29th of January, and concluded by requesting the House to require Government to prosecute the magistrates who made the imprisonments in July and August last, as being formally against the laws and the Charter, and to decree the accusation of the Minister of Justice, Freire de Andrade, for having violated the laws and the Charter, as well as private property, and usurped the legislative powers.

In a bill under discussion of the external rules of the Cortes, an amendment of Senhor Miranda, by which Ministers are prohibited from taking any part in debates on all the laws that have not been proposed by Government, had been adopted by the Chamber.

Up to the 30th January not one of the Ministers had appeared in the Chambers notwithstanding the discussion of several bills of considerable interest to the national government.

A new Direction has been appointed for the Bank of Lisbon, at the head of which is the Viscount de Ponte Corvo de Bandeira, represented to be a man of wealth, but not of experience.

Germany.

The Emperor of Austria, by a decree dated the 18th of November last, encourages the establishment of the Jesuits in his dominions. His Majesty grants them the faculty to communicate freely with their General for every thing concerning the internal government of their houses, the direction of the schools which are intrusted to them, the choice of books of instruction, and permission to devote themselves to the labours of the missions. The Emperor terminates his decree by announcing, that the Jesuits will contribute in his dominions to the good education of youth, that they will labour to form Christians and faithful subjects; and that they will thus put a check on the ravages of incredulity and corruption.

Russia.

Letters from St. Petersburg of the 12th of January, state, that when it was known that M. de Ribeaupierre had sailed for the Archipelago, the Emperor gave orders to send a courier to Trieste, commanding him immediately to return to Corfu, to join Messrs. Guilleminot and Stratford Canning, and in no case to return to St. Petersburgh before the development of the events depending on the Greek question. It is inferred from this, that joint declarations are to be made by these letters before the executive measures are carried into effect.

Private advices from St. Petersburgh of the 19th ult., still speak of the pacific disposition of the Ottoman Porte, [illegible]

on the 7th of January, having been to Ancona to fetch Count Capo d'Istria to Malta. The corvette having arrived on the 6th off Valetta, met the *Warspite* ship of the line, and Count Capo d'Istria went on board of it, to continue his voyage to Malta.

On the 1st of January, the anniversary of the introduction of the constitution into the Ionian islands was celebrated in the most solemn manner. In the morning there was a grand levee at the Lord High Commissioner's, at which the English Ambassador at Constantinople was present, and in the evening there was a ball and supper in the palace of the Lord High Commissioner.

South America.

By accounts from Mexico of the 8th of December, it appears that the Congress are busily employed in discussing a law for the expulsion of the Spaniards, the basis of which they had approved, and as the question had been the sole cause of all the late commotions, it was hoped that matters would return to their former tranquility.

All unmarried Spaniards are to be expelled, even the Spanish soldiers who surrendered to the Republic, and who had since joined the army. Spaniards of all descriptions are also to be removed from the coast.

Garcia still remained Minister of Finance. The idea of a loan was again revived. The new tariff of duties had passed Congress, and had also received the signature of the President.

Laborde was last heard of at Porto Rico, when his squadron, destined for the reconquest of South America, was composed of one ship of the line, a 50 gun frigate, and a brig of war.

A decree issued by Bolivar when in Caracces has been made public in Trinidad, by which the port of Guiria had been declared free, subject to such moderate duties as will enable the trade from the United States to make it a port of *entrepôt* for the supply of Trinidad and the other Windward Islands with lumber and stock on equitable terms. By the same decree, the following places in Colombia are also made ports of entry:—viz., Angostura, on the river Orinoco; Pamparte, in the island of Margarita; Cumana, in that province; Barcelona, in the province of Barcelona; Laguayra; Puerto Cabello; La Vela, in Coro; and Maracaibo.

Private Letters from La Guayra the 22d of December, state, that an intrigue had been discovered at Caracceas, carried on by some Spanish priests with a nest of expelled Spaniards at Curacoa. Several arrests had taken place, and three monks were shipped on the 21st of December, on board the mail-boat, for St. Thomas. Business was rather improving. Bolivar was expected at La Guayra about the end of February or beginning of March.

On the 26th of November the Emperor of the Brazils issued a decree; ordaining that impost of five-fifth upon gold should be reduced to five per cent., to be levied according to the laws in being with the exception of gold extracted by foreign companies, which are to continue to pay according to the conditions upon which those companies were established.

The Sphynx, February 9.

English Extracts.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OR SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THIRD SERIES.

COUSIN WILLIAM.

CHAPTER I.

——Wilt thou never,
Never be weaned from caudles and confections?
What feminine tale hast thou been listening to,
Of unaired shirts, catarrhs, and tooth-ache got
By thin-soled shoes?

OTWAY.

"CAMOMILE tea, Mrs. Crosby, if you please," said Mr. Crosby: "I have had five pints of water-gruel since bed-time.—I cannot bear any more."

"Just as you choose, my angel," said Mrs. Crosby. "Caroline dear, run before, and shut the windows in the breakfast parlour. Your papa is going down."

Caroline flew to obey her mother's mandate.

"I'll take a little ether," said Mr. Crosby, "before I go out, for I have had a few slight touches of flying gout during the night, Mrs. Crosby."

"Indeed, my life!" said the lady. "I can [illegible] have not suffered a little myself; [illegible] of my old peripneumony did not remember pains of my lumbago. Nor am I [illegible] about my erysipelas."

"Come, dearest, said the invalid husband, [illegible] your arm—ring for Richard to put [illegible] ys in my chair—bring down the book; [illegible] see what's to be done next."

In this order of march, proceeded Mr. [illegible] Crosby to the breakfast parlour, which [illegible] previously hermetically sealed, by the [illegible] of Caroline.

[illegible] July, the tea-urn steamed upon the [illegible] the room had a southern aspect, and the [illegible] one full into it—Mr. Crosby had just [illegible] her, and his lady had just been rubbed [illegible] teers' opodeldoc. Caroline proceeded [illegible] uty at the breakfast table.

[illegible]," said Mr. Crosby, as he sat down—"[illegible] a sudden pain at the back of my head."

"[illegible] cious me!" cried Mrs. Crosby, "at [illegible] of your head, my life—a leading symptom [illegible] poplectic tendency."

"[illegible] my feet are cold, hot as the weather [illegible]" continued Mr. Crosby.

"[illegible] the extremities are chilled, Caroline," uttered Mrs. Crosby to her daughter—"[illegible] the book says, death is approaching."

"[illegible]s," said Caroline half smiling, "[illegible] toward the end of a long and wearing disorder; but not surely in papa's state of health."

"Health, child," exclaimed Mr. Crosby, "why neither that suffering angel, nor myself, have had half an hour's health since—since—"

"Since," interrupted Caroline, "you have devoted yourselves to the study of Doctor Buchan; indeed, indeed, my dear father, that book of fate should not be opened by the world at large."

"'Tis an admirable book, child," said Mrs. Crosby; "and although it is the fashion to laugh at it now, it has saved us hundreds of guineas, which we else should have paid to the physicians."

"And has cost you thousands, which you *have* paid to the apothecaries," said Caroline. "Only hear what cousin William says about it."

"Who quotes me?" exclaimed cousin William, opening the door.

"I," said Caroline, and her bright eyes sparkled, as her young and elegant cousin made his appearance; "upon the old subject of that odious book."

"What," said the young guardsman, "making fresh war upon the *Buchaneers*"?

"William," said Mr. Crosby, "you may call us what you please; but the discovery of our disorders in time, tends to the salvation of the constitution."

"Truly so, my dear uncle," said Captain Morley, "provided you *do* discover them; but since disorders generally begin with fever, the incipient symptoms of all must naturally more or less resemble each other; and thus fancy, which, like conscience, doth make cowards of us all,' ekes out the rest of the prognostics, and we think ourselves suffering under a combination of ills, by which in fact we are not in the slightest degree assailed."

"Look at Caroline's cheek, William," said Mrs. Crosby, "what do you think of the flush which you see upon it at this moment?"

"Think," said Morley, "that it rivals the virgin rose."

"Oh, William," said Caroline.

"There," exclaimed her mother, "see she flushes still more,"

"Health, pure health, by the gods," exclaimed the captain, "heightened by native modesty."

"Health," said Mrs. Crosby: "how can you talk such nonsense, William; why the child's pulse are at seventy—health—hectic—are you hot, Caroline?"

"Very hot indeed, mama," said the lovely tea-maker.

"No wonder, aunt," said Morley; "the glass is at ninety—two, in the corner of the room farthest removed from the influence of the tea-urn."

"Poor child," said Crosby who was reading Buchan, and drinking Doctor Solander's British infusion, "poor Cary—yes—so it is—my angel is right."

"Oh, my dear father," interrupted Caroline "do not make yourself uneasy about *me*; I assure you I am in perfect health; but you make me laugh with your too anxious fears, so that I can hardly eat my breakfast."

"Difficulty of swallowing," sighed Mrs. Crosby, "is a most awful symptom."

And so if I chose might I indulge my reader with fifty such scenes—fifty such dialogues, which regularly occurred at meal times, the only periods at which the family met; and so it was, that owing to their addiction to Doctor Buchan, this once happy couple moped and physicked their lives away in a dull house in the fullest part of Cambridgeshire, unenlivened by visitors, whose habits and amusements might, they apprehended, would interfere with the regimen and medicines absolutely necessary, as they thought, to their existence; and [illegible] from society, and its innocent gaieties, by the fear, either of catching colds, or fevers, or surfeits, or over-feeding, or over-exercising themselves; nor amongst the other *agrémens* of their seclusion should it be forgotten that the physic closet was situated at the head of the great staircase, and flavoured the whole internal atmosphere, which never had an opportunity of escaping, except indeed through the windows of Caroline's boudoir, the only apertures ever open for its egress, after the family were up for the day.

Caroline Crosby was but sixteen—a fine expressive countenance, a graceful and somewhat preciously formed figure, gave her the appearance of more matured age, which physical forwardness, added to an unembarrassed freedom of manner and off-hand mode of speaking, induced the very few people who by any accident saw her, to wonder at the *naïveté* with which she expressed herself, and the simplicity of the observations which she was in the habit of making. She was kind, generous, frank, and unreserved; but in her heart of hearts she had one idol—in her mind one standard of all human perfection by which she regulated her opinions and modified her taste—and that was her cousin William.

Indeed it was hardly to be wondered at, for such was the retirement of the two *malades imaginaries* whose charge she was, that she seldom, if ever, encountered any body else.

Doctor Micklethwaite, the rector, was a sage it is true, but then he was fat, and old, and deaf—his curate, who resided all the year in the parish, was, it is equally true, young, and thin, but he was unskilled in the ways of the world,—modest, pale, dull, and deep read.

From neither of these did she cull much; and little more was to be gained from Mr. Crosby's attorney, who in a brown scratch

wig, green spectacles, dingy buckskins, and mahogany-topped jockey boots, was in the habit of dining every now and then, with his client; a ceremony which if he had not contrived to charge for it, thirteen shillings and four pence, besides chaise-hire, would have hardly repaid him for hearing the joint-stock catalogue of diseases properly inherent in the Crosby family—he always called Caroline Miss, and drank toasts with every glass of wine which he was permitted consistently with his health to imbibe.

Contrasted with these, (indeed a comparison with most men would have been advantageous to him,) Caroline was continually associated with her "cousin William," a lieutenant in the Guards, a captain in the army, the Crichton of the day, full of all sorts of talent and accomplishments, who knew everybody and everything in the world; and was, in short the most delightful and dangerous personage extant: delightful every where, but dangerous in particular where by a constant intercourse with a young creature full of intellect and enthusiasm, upon whose volatility none of the more important checks of habitual piety, or the steady cultivation of moral principle, had been imposed, his influence over his companion became unbounded.

Caroline, relieved from an irksome and unnecessary attendance upon the self-created invalids bounded with ecstacy from the medicated atmosphere of the mock sick chamber to the society of "cousin William," who would wander and wander through a long summer's longest twilight with this tender creature hanging on his arm, her bright eyes beaming with admiration, her young heart unconsciously throbbing with love.

Mr. Crosby was occasionally reminded by Mrs. Crosby that William and Caroline were in the habit of staying out excessively late in the evenings; but all that such intelligence gave birth to, was, either a fear that night air might give the poor child cold, or a warning to wear clogs when she went out again.

Morley at this time, and I am speaking now of two and twenty years since, was just turned two and twenty. As I have said before, Caroline was just sixteen, and had received the rudiments of her education at a second-rate boarding school, to which she had been sent, because its mistress had been formerly governess to the family of the first Mrs. Crosby, for, as the reader has already been informed, the present Mrs. Crosby was Caroline's stepmother. She subsequently was consigned at different times to two or three different *bonnes* and *gouvernantes*, who endured as well and as long as they were able, the flavoured climate of Crosby "Hall," but who seceded in disgust themselves, and in disgrace with the heads of the house, upon positive refusals to permit themselves to be bled, blistered, and physicked *a la Buchan*, while in the enjoyment of perfect health; after which resignations, her mother-in-law undertook to *finish* Caroline herself, she, the said mother-in-law, happening to know nothing whatever of the world, and who, although she had in the earlier part of their union occasionally indulged herself and her husband with a six weeks visit to London, was about as well versed in "things in general," as the eleven members of the *celebrated* club, who, in the year 1818, were quite delighted with the abilities which Mr. Canning displayed one day after the House dinner, of which he had accidentally partaken, without having the slightest conception who their charming and highly-gifted companion was, until enlightened upon the subject by one of their own waiter's assistants.

It may easily be imagined, that to a young ardent creature, like Caroline, whose occupations in retirement were never regulated by maternal controul, whose amusements, promiscuously and irregularly chosen, lay one day in drawing from the antique; the next in reading the newest and most trifling novel, or perhaps the wildest flash of poetry; the society of her cousin William was all and everything. Morley himself when tired with the faded bloom of artificial roses, whose mimic lustre was dimmed by the season's wear; and fatigued with gazing on the self same misses night after night labouring their hair out of curl in executing English dances; (for at that period the theatrical exhibition of quadrilles had not made its appearance in well regulated society, nor the lascivious waltz unblushingly consigned our virgins to the promiscuous embrace of man, in the broad glare of public ball room,) and wearied with such heartless inanities as are found within the bills of mortality, flew to the unsophisticated freshness of his single-minded cousin, and flattered by the raptures which ever the rusticated child of nature would bestow, sought the fond pressure of her friendly hand, and felt the light weight of her arm entwined in his, as they strolled away the hours together, thrill to his very heart.

Morley had flattered and deceived, had flirted where his heart was not concerned, had coquetted without a serious thought of the result; but with Caroline the case was different: they were related, connected, he had known her from a child; and he loved her, (as well as any man like *him* can love), and one kind word from Caroline was to his ear "sweet as the music of the spheres." But warm and kindly in its nature as his affection for the *child* might be—how different in its character and attributes was it, to that which Caroline felt for *him*.

Her cousin William had seemed the orphan daughter of a clergyman—her brother called him out—him, cousin William shot—but Caroline found excuses for him. The artful girl no doubt made love to her cousin, and if her brother *would* fight, cousin William must meet him; and if they met, cousin William surely ought to defend himself.

Morley had lost deeply at play; but then, as Caroline said, it was when he was underage, and those who won his money absolutely cheated him; he was beaten in a cause, where the warranty of a horse having been proved, was denied as being *his* although three witnesses saw him write it; but then, as Caroline said, the horse was spoiled after cousin William had warranted it, and besides, the opposing witnesses were all perjured.

Morley was desperately involved in debt, and the tradesmen, whose existence and that of their families depended upon payment, were injured by his embarrassments; but as Caroline said, in the first place, they were exorbitant in their charges; and, in the second, they ought not to have enticed "cousin William" into buying heaps of things which he did not want. In short, if cousin William had robbed a church, or fired an hospital, Caroline would have discovered some good reason why such acts could by no means reflect the least discredit upon cousin William.

It was in the evening of the day on which this narrative commences, that Morley, who had arrived at Crosby Hall the previous night, strolled through the grounds with this young, ardent, and artless girl. One of the finest English twilights imaginable was just yielding to the mild and pallid radiance of the rising moon, (which, if one may judge from novels, seldom fails to shine on lovers) the light breeze scarce ruffled the foliage which shaded them, or rippled the stream along whose sedgy bank they strayed, yet was there apparent to the longing eye of the love-sick girl a coming storm, which was to blast her happiness, and kill her fondest hopes: she saw it in the abstracted manner, the nervous embarrasment of Morley; and young and enthusiastic as she was, unused to grief and a stranger to sorrow, she felt a dread she scarce knew why, of breaking the silence which her else volatile cousin William appeared so unwilling to disturb.

As they suddenly quitted the copse, the moon beamed full on his countenance; her constant eye was on it, and she saw the animation which generally characterized it supplanted by a look of sorrow; his brows were contracted, and his eyes uplifted. He knew not that she had seen him thus; but at the moment he unconsciously and almost convulsively drew her towards him, she felt that she was the object of his throughts—she felt his heart beat strongly—she felt that she was beloved; and yet was she spell bound as it were by the timed fear of losing all that made life dear, the dread of dissipating by a word, perhaps, the bright vision that lived in her dreams and filed her waking mind; and she continued to walk by the side of her loved William in dread, and in hope, and in silence.

"Caroline," said Morley, suddenly,—the sound of his voice startled her.—"It was *here*, Caroline," said he, stopping beneath a huge spreading oak, "that two years since you gave me a lock of your hair;—I have worn it next my heart ever since,"

He paused and seemed greatly agitated. "I—had hoped never to part with it—you must let me now restore it to you, dearest—and where so fit a place, or what so fit a time as this?"

"William," said Caroline, "why—why is this—are you angry with me—have I offended you?"

"No, by heaven, no," exclaimed Morley; "it is *I* who have offended—it is *I* who have been mad and wicked."

"You must not let *me* hear you say so, William," said Caroline. "I know, wild as the world calls you, that you are good, and kind, and amiable, generous and humane."

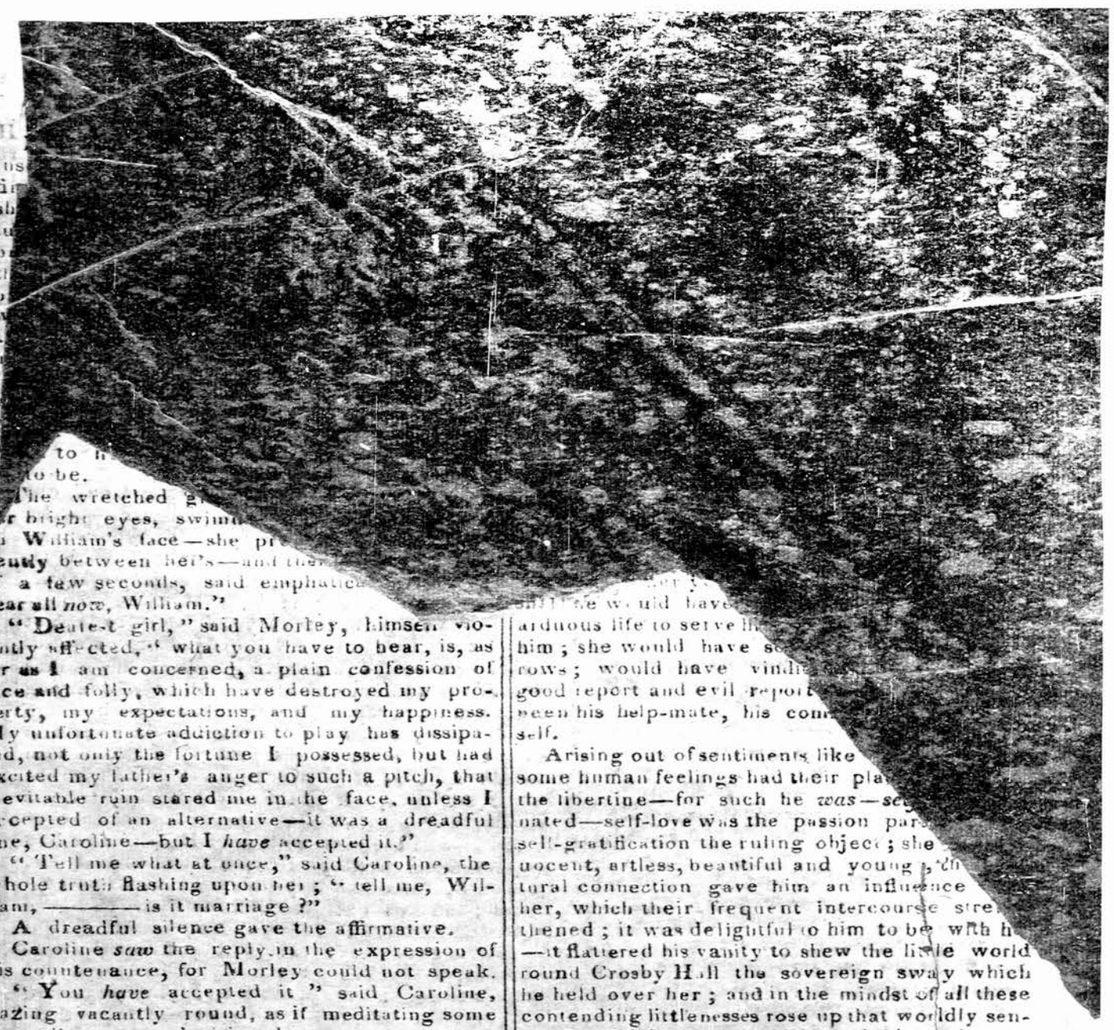
Morley burst into an hysteric laugh, more full of horror than the yell of death.

"Good—amiable—generous—humane, am I? The hour is come, poor child, when even to *your* eye the truth must be made evident; first for God's sake take back the gift which I received from your pure untainted hand, and hear me."

He hastily tore the locket from the ribband which suspended it round his neck, and kissing it fervently, gave it to his wretched victim, who stood, pale, cold, and motionless, gazing on his phrenzied conduct in mute but terrible amazement.

"Why," said she, almost unconscious that she was speaking, and perfectly unconscious that she actually held the once valued trinket in her icy hand—"why is this, William?"

"Sweetest," said he, in a subdued tone and more composed manner, "I have laughed at the feelings of women—I have scoffed at sentiment, ridiculed purity, and reviled excellence; yet now that my follies and vices have debased me, I shrink before your gaze, and feel unworthy even to approach you. Poor Caroline—kind, sweet girl—this is the first moment in which I have ever talked of love to you; and now I tell you, that you, and you alone, have been the object of my warmest, undivided affections. In the midst of heartless revelry, a thousand times I have closed my eyes upon the passing folly, and seen reflected in the mirror of my mind those charms which now are doomed, I hope, to bless some worthy and deserving man. You sob, Caroline—you weep—lean on me.—What! Caroline, do you reciprocate these feelings?"



to be.

The wretched g[irl]
her bright eyes, swimm[ing]
on William's face—she pr[essed]
eently between her's—and the[n]
if a few seconds, said emphatic[ally]
hear all *now*, William."

"Dearest girl," said Morley, himself violently affected, "what you have to hear, is, as far as I am concerned, a plain confession of vice and folly, which have destroyed my property, my expectations, and my happiness. My unfortunate addiction to play has dissipated, not only the fortune I possessed, but had excited my father's anger to such a pitch, that inevitable ruin stared me in the face, unless I accepted of an alternative—it was a dreadful one, Caroline—but I *have* accepted it."

"Tell me what at once," said Caroline, the whole truth flashing upon her; "tell me, William, ——— is it marriage?"

A dreadful silence gave the affirmative.

Caroline *saw* the reply in the expression of his countenance, for Morley could not speak.

"You *have* accepted it" said Caroline, gazing vacantly round, as if meditating some immediate, some decisive desperate step.

"To the eternal ruin of my happiness," said Morley.

"God forbid," said Caroline: "no, no, *you* must be happy, William—I had thought—but I am very young—I was wrong, all wrong—tell me, tell me—who is it tell me that I may try to love her for *your* sake."

"Lady Anne Seward is the person" said Morley, "who is to rescue me from destruction."

"What," said Caroline, "your aversion—the object of your hatred—of your ridicule."

"I hated her always, Caroline," said Morley, "but more *now* than ever. If I had known how deeply you were interested for me, I——"

"You *must* have known how dear you were to me, interrupted Caroline; "I saw no reason for concealment—I never affected it—I—but you have decided—this must—this shall be conquered."

"It might have been otherwise," said Morley, "and your excellence would have rec[laimed] me, drawn me from the vortex in which I have been wrecked; your kind and gentle influence would have corrected my failings, and I should have adored you as my preserver, but—"

"Yes, William," said Caroline, "I thought so too. Whenever I have heard you characterized as unprincipled—dissipated—libertine, I *have* fancied that if there were one being who loved you better than herself, whose whole life should be devoted to your comfort, who would make your home ——— but it is all too late to talk of this."

And here for the first time flashed into the unsophisticated mind of the young and yet artless Caroline Crosby, the consciousness of her own fatal error; for the first time she was made sensible of the fact, that whatever bright visions she had cherished, Morley had (as he said) never talked of love; all he had now expressed confirmed the justice of his present avowal—*if* he had know—*if* he had thought—these were so many conditional qualified references to foregone times—to hours and scenes now irrevocable.

Caroline was unskilled in the world and its ways—but the very innocence of her mind,—pure as it was at that moment.—for want of direction, for want of proper regulation, was even more injurious to her than a better knowledge of society; for years she had absolutely worshipped her cousin William, and he had delighted in her artless conversation; but Caroline was poor in wealth; some ten thousand pounds at her father's death would be the extent of her fortune; and although now that he saw a young animated creature, whose cheeks were covered with burning blushes—whose lips faltered—whose limbs trembled—and whose tears fell, while she confessed her hopeless attachment; he felt all the thrilling ardour of youthful animal affection, mixed with that *male sentiment*, the pride of conquest, still he tried to justify his past conduct by a reflection that he had paid fifty times as much attention to fifty other girls, who had slept off the remembrance of his devotion without even dreaming of him; and that although he had felt a warm regard for his cousin, that although he had, as he told her, closed his eyes upon passing follies to think of *her*, although he had worn her gift for years, still it was evident that it would be madness to persist in such an attachment, considering the smallness of her fortune and his own, that his involvements were serious, and that a ready means presented itself for his emancipation by breaking off the connection. In short, the grief and agitation which accompanied the act of returning her "*gage d'amitié*," (for so was the locket described in ancient characters upon its face) arose rather from the mortification he

arduous life to serve h[im]
him; she would have s[hared]
rows; would have vindi[cated]
good report and evil report
been his help-mate, his com[fort]
self.

Arising out of sentiments like
some human feelings had their pla[ce]
the libertine—for such he *was*—*sel*
nated—self-love was the passion par[amount]
self-gratification the ruling objec[t]; she
nocent, artless, beautiful and young [and]
tural connection gave him an influence
her, which their frequent intercourse str[engt]
thened; it was delightful to him to be with h[er]
—it flattered his vanity to shew the little world
round Crosby Hall the sovereign sway which
he held over her; and in the mindst of all these
contending littlenesses rose up that worldly sentiment which at lenght absorbed him—the gratification of which he now saw, that his own extravagance and imprudence had rendered impracticable: it was the relinquishment of all he had pictured to himself of happiness, with *her*, it was the blight of those sensual hopes and anticipations, that caused the violence of exclamation, which Caroline attributed to feelings resembling her own; but long as they had lived together, either of this ill-assorted couple was perfectly ignorant of the other's character: *she*, poor devoted creature, in the purity of her mind, could not imagine deliberate vice like *his*; *he*, the worldly sensualist, the practised libertine, was unable to understand or appreciate such love, such virtue, or such innocence as her's.

The mischief, however, was done; the power he possessed was overweaning—the influence he had obtained commanding—and although the danger was averted, still ———

But I must not anticipate.

The shades of night fell deeply upon the grove in which they strayed, and it was not until they left the covert of the wood, and the sun again glared brightly on her face, that [he] saw how Caroline had really wept; [she] leaned heavily on his arm as they walked [home] but she spake not; the burning blush had burnt upon her cheeks was gone, [and] she was pale as death; she had ceased weeping; but he could feel, as he drew her towards him, the suppressed sob of silent grief convulsing her whole frame.

They had nearly reached the house, when she stopped, and struggling with herself, essayed to speak.

"William," said she, pressing his arms tremblingly, "tell me—when is it to be?"

The dreadful question, to ask which, all her energies had been rallied, had scarce passed her lips, when her wretchedness again flashed upon her mind, and uttering a heart-rending scream, she again fell senseless in her William's arms.

They were near the steps of the portico opening to the garden: Morley called for help and bearing her towards the door, was met by some of the servants; the noise brought Mrs. Crosby out of her husband's room, where he had been in bed since eight o'clock, having taken a powerful dose of Doctor James's powders, accelerated in their operation by three pints of very hot, very weak white wine whey, the lady was enveloped in a huge fur cloak; but hearing that Caroline was ill, and had fainted, she made a prodigious effort, and hastened down stairs to the drawing-room, where the poor girl had been laid on a sofa, while her own maid and William bathed her temples, and chafed her hands.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Crosby: "what's the matter, William?

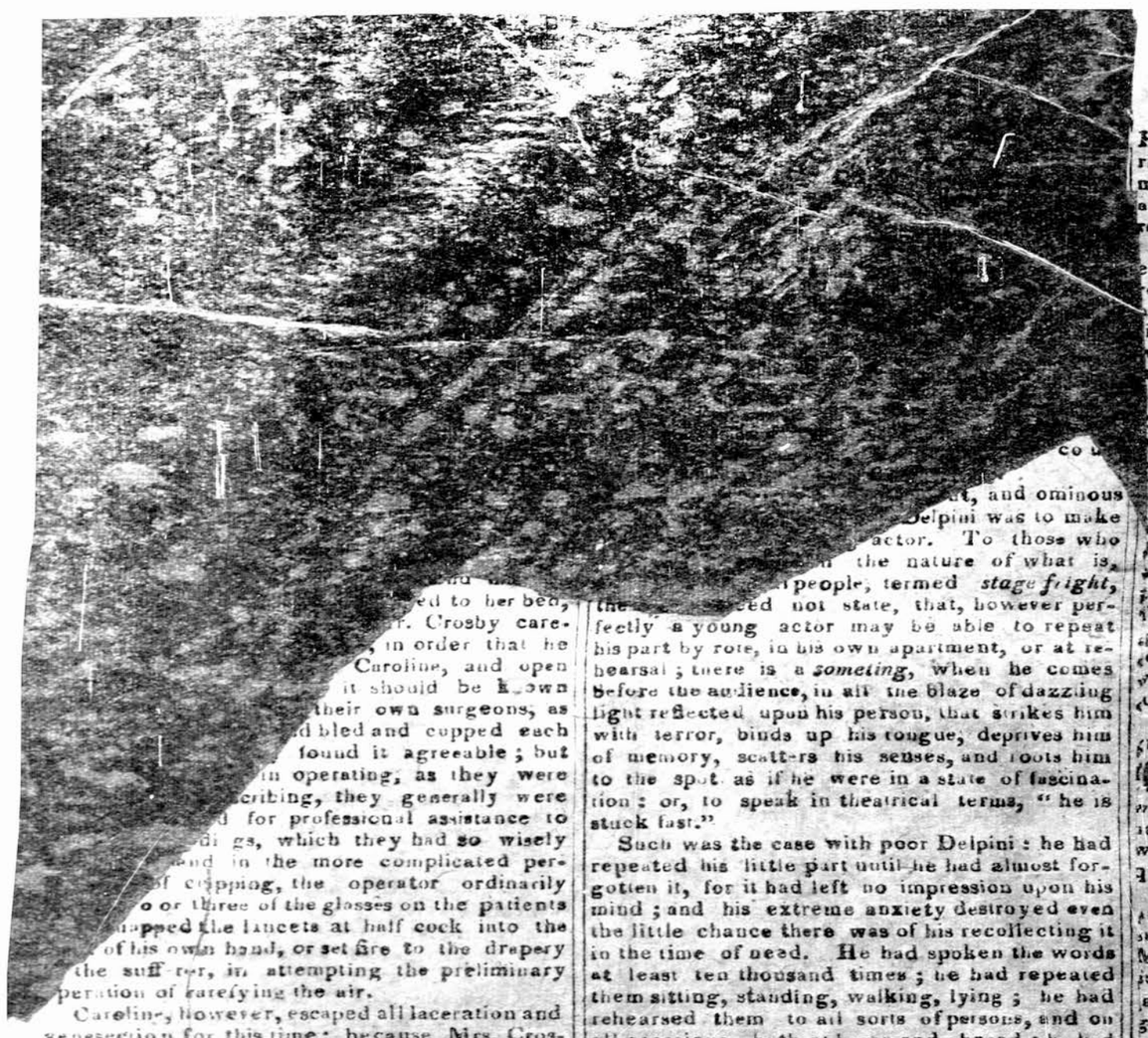
"My young lady has fainted, ma'am," said Davis.

"Fainted—what, in the grounds? said Mrs. Crosby: "the air must have lost its elasticity, I suppose, or else she has been frightened. Remove her to her room; tie ligatures on her hands, knees, and elbows; let her smell vinegar; and her papa will I dare say be kind enough to get up and bleed her; let there be feathers got, and bits of leather to burn, and have some sago gruel made; tell Hall to fetch some eau de luce, and warm some brandy; Buchan, in such cases, prescribes all these things, and others, which may be resorted to, if necessary."

"I am better now," said Caroline, raising herself, unconscious, however, where she was, but just sufficiently sensible to comprehend that her mother-in-law was Buchanizing.

"Mercy on us, Cary," said Mrs. Crosby, "open your eyes, dear: why, what *have* you been doing? Look at me, child."

"I cannot bear the light," said Caroline.



ed to her bed,
r. Crosby care-
, in order that he
Caroline, and open
it should be known
their own surgeons, as
d bled and cupped each
found it agreeable; but
in operating, as they were
scribing, they generally were
d for professional assistance to
di gs, which they had so wisely
and in the more complicated per-
f clipping, the operator ordinarily
o or three of the glasses on the patients
apped the lancets at half cock into the
of his own hand, or set fire to the drapery
the suff rer, in attempting the preliminary
peration of rarefying the air.

Caroline, however, escaped all laceration and venesection for this time; because Mrs. Crosby could not permit her husband, in his relaxed state, to venture upon a visit to his daughter's chamber; and William (and even *his* iron heart softened at sight of the ruin he had made,) when he stole up to the door of the poor girl's room to inquire after her, was told that she was better, and, had fallen asleep.

(To be Continued.)

CLUBS OF LONDON.

STAGE FRIGHT.

DELPINI—THE CLOWN OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

MANY anecdotes are told of this celebrated master of posture and grimace, but none exhibit his *eccentricity and selfishness* (a combination, by the by, generally found in the characters of too many foreign *artists* of the Theatre and Opera) in a more ludicrous point of view than the following, which was one evening related at Brookes's by Mr. Sheridan, when the Prince and Duke of York, who knew D[illegible] well, were present.

It should be premised, that several members of the Royal Family, and particularly the Prince of Wales, had pressed Sheridan to procure the insertion of Delpini's name in the books of the *Theatrical Fund*, in order to secure a provision for his old age. Mr. Sheridan did all in his power to promote the object in question; but one grand difficulty was started in the course of the negociation, which even his influence could not well remove:—this was, that as Mr. Delpini was merely a clown, he could not be admitted; for the laws of the society forbade relief to any but such as were accustomed to *speak* on the stage. A remedy, however, was at length suggested, viz: that a few words should be written in the forthcoming pantomime, for Delpini to repeat; and thus he was to rank among the Garricks and the Kembles of the day.

The words in question were only *three* in number; and they were to be uttered by Delpini in the character of a Magician, at the instant that Harlequin and Columbine were in the act of embracing: they were—"*Pluck them asunder!*"

Big with the expectation of his pension, but more so with the importance of his new character, Delpini repeated the above short sentence on every occasion, for several weeks, and with every possible variety of accent and intonation. There was not a performer in the Theatre whom he did not apply to, to hear him rehearse his part; so that, at length, every one voted him a complete *bore*.

The gentleman whose applause he was most anxious of obtaining was Mr. Kemble; and, whenever he met him behind the scenes, in the passages, or in the Green-room, he caught hold of him by the arm or by a button, and held him fast, until he had repeated the *important words* with suitable gesture and action. One night, as Kemble was standing beside the wing, helmeted and buskined as Coriolanus, and, with truncheon in hand, preparing to lead the Volsci forth to battle, Delpini made his appearance, and thus addressed the Roman hero:

"Mistare Kembel, I am vet glad I av found you, Sare: you sal see me rehearsal my part."

"Not now," answered Kemble, "it is impossible Mr. Delpini; do you not see that I am just going on the stage?"

"But," persisted the grimacier, "I sal not detain you, Sare, un moment; you sal see dat I pronounce mon charactere, propre-ment; and with de propere emphasis on de last voard."

"Well, well!" replied Kemble, pettishly; [illegible] and ominous [illegible] Delpini was to make [illegible] actor. To those who [illegible] the nature of what is, [illegible] people, termed *stage fright*, [illegible] need not state, that, however perfectly a young actor may be able to repeat his part by rote, in his own apartment, or at rehearsal; there is a *someting*, when he comes before the audience, in all the blaze of dazzling light reflected upon his person, that strikes him with terror, binds up his tongue, deprives him of memory, scatters his senses, and roots him to the spot as if he were in a state of fascination: or, to speak in theatrical terms, "he is stuck fast."

Such was the case with poor Delpini: he had repeated his little part until he had almost forgotten it, for it had left no impression upon his mind; and his extreme anxiety destroyed even the little chance there was of his recollecting it in the time of need. He had spoken the words at least ten thousand times; he had repeated them sitting, standing, walking, lying; he had rehearsed them to all sorts of persons, and on all occasions, both at home and abroad; he had given them every variety of form, accent, and emphasis, of which they were capable—but, when the hour of trial came, he was found wanting.

The performers had crowded around, all anxious for his success, and all ready to prompt him; but, as Solomon says, "in the multitude of advisers the council faileth," so it turned out on the present occasion. Columbine had flown to her faithful lover, and locked him in her fast embrace: the magician's wand was raised aloft to command their seperation; but—no words accompanied the action. *Delpini was stuck fast.* Voices from every side cried out, "Now, Delpini, now's your time!—fire away, my hearty!—speak, man!—why don't you speak?" But the magician was, himself, in a state of enchantment;—he was immoveable;—until the prompter's voice was heard above the rest, saying, "Pluck them asunder!" These words shot across his brain like a flash of lightning: he recovered from his trance, and repeating his action with the wand, he bellowed, out "*Massondere—pluck et!*"

This ludicrous termination of his *arduous labours* made the theatre echo with laughter, both behind and before the curtain; and poor Delpini retired behind the scenes, in a state of the most complete discomfiture. Being a little recovered, however, he said to several of the performers who came up to condole with him, their sides shaking with laughter, "Nevere mind, ladies and gentlemens: dose may laugh dat lose; I av win, and sal laugh to myself.—I av gain de pension, by Gar! and I care nothing at all for nobody"

East India House.

A Special General Court of Proprietors was held yesterday, (Dec. 19,) for the purpose of taking into consideration a resolution of the Court of Directors, of the 5th instant, granting to Captain Buchanan, a pension of 800*l.* a year.

The Chairman, the Hon. H. Lindsey, after the usual preliminary business had been gone through, stated the quarterly dividend on Stock was 5¼ per cent. He then called the attention of the Court to the special object of the meeting, and moved that the resolution of the Court of Directors, of the 5th December, granting to Captain Thomas Buchanan, the present superintendent of the Bombay Marine, a pension of 800*l.* per annum be confirmed. He said the call for this pension arose, not from any wish on the part of the Directors to dispense with Mr. Buchanan's services, but owing entirely to an order of the Lord High Admiral, to place the Bombay Marine under the command of an officer in his Majesty's service. He thought, therefore, that as Mr. Buchanan would, in consequence lose his situation as Superintendent of Marine, and as there was no other appointment, either of an equal or superior rank to which he could be appointed at that Presidency, the Proprietors, in justice to a faithful servant, could not do less than confirm the resolution of the Directors.

The Deputy Chairman seconded the motion.

In answer to a question from Captain Maxfield the Chairman stated that Mr. Buchanan had been appointed Superintendent of the Marine two years ago.

Captain Maxfield objected to the grant. At the time that this gentleman was appointed, he had little doubt that it was in contemplation to place the Bombay Marine on the same footing as his Majesty's service, and he thought it an extravagant waste of money to grant a pension for such a short period of service. There were many officers who had served a much longer time, yet they had received no pension. He objected to the grant on principle.

Mr. Gahagan likewise opposed the motion. He could see no grounds why a number of meritorious servants of the Company should, in similar circumstances, retire without a pension, and Mr. Buchanan receive 800*l.* a year for no reason.

The Chairman said that he had already stated the reason; his Majesty's Government had resolved to make an alteration, in consequence of which Mr. Buchanan would lose his situation, and there was no other to which he could with propriety be appointed, and consequently it would be unfair to remove him without a compensation. Mr. Buchanan was at the top of the Bombay Marine, and it could not be expected after that, that he would take any subordinate rank.

Gen. Thornton thought that they were not sufficiently acquainted with the case to decide whether 800*l.* was too much, or indeed whether any compensation were necessary. If it were necessary, however, he could not see why it should be made in the shape of a pension. The Chairman had said that there was no other appointment which Mr. Buchanan could receive at Bombay, but if not at Bombay there was at Madras, or Calcutta. Under these circumstances he would oppose the grant.

Mr. Weeding supported the motion on the ground that Mr. Buchanan had been disappointed. He had been removed from their service, and it would be unjust to remove him without a salary. The Directors, he thought, had come to a just conclusion, and the pension was nothing more than what was fair and equitable.

Mr. Hume rose for the purpose of moving an amendment. The chief grounds for the pension, as it appeared, were the age and rank of Mr. Buchanan. He could mention several instances, however, where other officers in similar situation had not considered themselves degraded by being removed from one Presidency to another. Among the rest, that of Mr. Anderson, who had been removed from Bombay to Madras without considering this removal any degradation; the age could be no grounds for the pension. According to the Chairman Mr. Buchanan was fifty-five years of age, yet Captain Reeves, at the age of sixty-five, had been removed from the office of Master-Intendant, while still fit for duty, and no pension had been awarded. On the ground of principle, therefore, he resisted the motion, and proposed the following amendment:—

"That this Court disapproved of the grant of 800*l.* a-year, made by the Directors to Captain Buchanan, and recommend them to appoint him to some other situation in India suitable to his rank and services."

Captain Maxfield seconded the amendment.

Col. Stanhope considered that the grant could be sanctioned only on one principle, that of corruption. He believed the fact was that interest had been used, and Capt. Buchanan was a brother-in-law of Lord Melville.—(Cries of No, no!)—The grant of 800*l.* for two years' service was extravagant, and particularly so when it had not been stated that any important services had been performed. There was, however, another strong objection to this grant. He believed the Company had no power to allot pensions of this kind beyond the expiration of their charter. Mr. Canning, when President of the Board of Controul, had refused his sanction to a similar proposal on the same grounds. The transaction altogether appeared to him a job, and nothing but a job.

The Chairman, in reply to Colonel Stanhope, said that Captain Buchanan was not a brother-in-law of Lord Melville, and that till that morning he had had no communication whatever on the subject. The only communication he had was a letter from a friend of Captain Buchanan in which he stated that he thought the pension too small. He thought no grant ever proposed by the Court of Directors was more just and equitable.

The Chairman then called for a show of hands when he announced that the motion was carried.

Mr. Hume doubted this, and moved for a division.

Strangers were ordered to withdraw. A division took place, and the result was—

For the original motion	38
Against it	12
Majority	26

The Chairman then moved, that as the business for which the Special Court had been summoned had been finished, the Court should adjourn.

Several proprietors called out "No, no," and Captain Maxfield asked the Chairman if the Court of Directors had received any papers relative to the New Stamp Duty in India.

The Chairman replied that some communications had been received, but they were so few that they could not yet judge of the result. The question was before the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

Captain Maxfield asked if it was their intention to lay the papers before the proprietors when the result should be known.

The Chairman replied in the affirmative.

Captain Maxfield then rose, for the purpose of making a motion respecting the New Stamp Duty. He said it was most unaccountable that in a case of such importance no information had been received.

The Chairman—I did not say that we had received no information, but what we had received was not sufficient.

Captain Maxfield would take it in that view; but what he objected to was the extraordinary delay, and the refusal on the part of the Government of India, a country 10,000 miles distant, to allow any publicity, or any meeting of the respectable inhabitants, to state their objections to the measure, or petition against the grievances. What a contrast the Government of that country exhibited at different times and occasions. The inhabitants of Calcutta were told lately that no Meeting would be allowed, yet at another time the very Secretaries of Government had exerted all their influence to get up a meeting—not, to be sure, to remonstrate against the measures of Government, but to eulogise them. A New Stamp Duty had been imposed. He did not doubt the right to do this, but the necessity for it at the present moment. If a new tax were necessary, then there must be a want of money, and how was this reconcilable with the repeated statements made of surplus revenue? He did not, however object so much to the tax, on account of the money which the merchants might be obliged to pay, but on account of the inconvenience which would thereby be produced in mercantile transactions, and the destruction of that mutual confidence which had so long existed between the natives and British residents. The merchants of Calcutta had announced to the Sheriff their intention of holding a Meeting for the purpose of stating to the Lords in Council, that it was never the intention of Parliament to grant to Directors the power of unlimited taxation, and that, in order to restore, public confidence, and remove all disagreeable feelings, this new tax should not be carried into effect. On the 12th of April last, the sheriff granted leave to hold a Meeting to take the subject into consideration, and only forty-eight hours afterwards the Government forbade the Meeting, on the grounds that the Directors, twenty years ago, had prohibited all such Meetings, unless they should be agreeable to the Government. He would not enter further into the subject at present, but conclude with moving—"That as the Legislature of the country had abolished the use of stamps in all legal proceedings, the Proprietors, recommended to the Court to take into their consideration the effect that might be produced by any new stamp duties, and issue such orders as might appear to them calculated to promote the attainments of justice, and at the same time to be congenial with public interest."

Mr. Hume seconded the motion. He took that opportunity of supporting the question on very different grounds from those urged by the Honourable Gentleman. In the House of Commons he had repeatedly stated that a stamp duty on law proceedings was a prohibition of justice. Fifty—nay, seventy per cent. must sometimes be paid before the case can come into Court, and not unfrequently the whole sum which was sought to be recovered was expended before a decision took place. He considered that no tax was so abominable as that on law proceedings. The present Lord Goderich, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, much to his credit, removed taxes of this kind to the amount of 300,000*l.* a year, and conferred a great benefit on the country. He wished that the inhabitants of Calcutta had set out that strong ground, the general principle, that all taxation on law proceedings are unjust. They would then have been entitled to the support of this country. They unfortunately had not—they had only begun to remonstrate when their individual interests were attacked, without at all attending to the general principle or the interests of the community. They had not in one instance come forward like Englishmen, and vindicated their liberties. They had allowed respectable individuals to be banished, the Press assailed, and liberty abolished, without raising their voices in defence of justice or humanity. Had they acted on principle—had they acted like Hampden of old, and resisted every unjust measure, as if it applied individually to themselves, they would not at the present moment have their necks under the feet of those they formerly supported. While the same tax is paid in the provinces, they have no right to come forward and complain to Parliament. Parliament would scout the idea of men coming forward to save themselves, without standing their grounds of exemption on general principles. He regretted the publication of the 12th of April. It was lamentable to think that the inhabitants should be burdened with additional taxes, and discontent excited without necessity. If the revenue was deficient, let the expenditure be reduced. This, in almost every instance, was far too high. One could scarcely open any one page of the book of expenditure without discovering some unnecessary expense; and it was lamentable that, while the great mass of the people in that country was in such poverty, the Government should think of imposing new taxes and thereby cause greater misery and discontent. He could see no grounds, however, for exempting the merchants of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, from this tax; for if it were to exist, it was only fair that all should be subject to it. In saying this, he did not mean to defend the law; for among all the mass of Bills brought forward by the Legislature, there were none so absurd as this. No minimum had been fixed, and if there had, the law was totally unnecessary, as the natives of that country were so trust-worthey, that more could be found, there than in England whose words were as good as a bond. What then would be the effect of the law, but to uproot their confidence in Government, and subject that country to all the evils under which this, by oppressive taxation, is now suffering? When the taxes in the provinces were established, not a sound, not a whisper was heard against them from the merchants of Calcutta. When the tax was made applicable to themselves,

(Continued in the Second Supplement.)

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This power is public opinion, exercised upon men, things, and general principles, and to which mere physical power must conform, or it will crumble it to powder. Books alone teach us to judge of truth and good in the abstract: without a knowledge of things at a distance from us we judge like savages or animals from our senses and appetites only; but by the aid of books, and of an intercourse with the world of ideas, we are purified, raised, ennobled from savages into intellectual and rational beings. Our impressions of what is near to us are false, of what is distant feeble; but the last gaining strength from being united in public opinion, and expressed by the public voice, are like the congregated roar of many waters, and quail the hearts of princes. Who but the tyrant does not hate the tyrant? Who but the slave does not despise the slave? 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All that the light of philosophy, the glow of patriotism, all that the brain wasted in midnight study, the blood poured out upon the scaffold or in the field of battle can do, or have done, is to take this question in all cases from before the first gross, blind and inquitous tribunal, where power insults over weakness, and place it before the last more just, disinterested, and, in the end, more formidable one, where each individual is tried by his peers, and according to rules and principles which have received the common examination, and the common consent. A public sense is thus formed, free from slavish awe, and the traditional assumption of insolent superiority, which the more it is exercised becomes the more enlightened and enlarged, and more and more requires equal rights and equal laws. This new sense acquired by the people, this new organ of opinion and feeling, is like bringing a battering-ram to bear upon some old Gothic castle, long the den of rapine and crime, and must usually prevail against all absurd and antiquated institutions, unless it is violently suppressed, and this engine of political reform turned, by bribery and terror, against itself. Who, in reading history, where the characters are laid open, and the circumstances fairly stated, and where he himself has no false bias to mislead him, does not take part with the oppressed against the oppressor? Who is there that admires Nero at the distance of two thousand years? Did not the Tartuffe, in a manner hoot religious hypocrisy out of France; and was it not on this account constantly denounced by the clergy: What do those, who read the annals of the Inquisition, think of that dread tribunal? 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An individual, in a barbarous age and country, throws another, who has displeased him, (without other warrant than his will,) into a dungeon, where he pines for years, and then dies; and, perhaps, only the mouldering bones of the victim, discovered long after, disclose his fate; or if known at the time, the confessor gives absolution, and the few who are let into the secret are intimidated from giving vent to their feelings, and hardly dare disapprove in silence. Let this act of violence be repeated afterwards in story, and there is not an individual in the whole nation, whose bosom does not swell with pity, or whose blood does not curdle within him at the recital of this foul wrong. Why, then, should there be an individual in a nation privileged to do what no other individual in the nation can be found to approve? But he has the power, and will not part with it in spite of public opinion. Then that public opinion must become active, and break the moulds of prescription in which his right derived from his ancestors is cast, and this will be a revolution. Is that a state of things to regret or bring back, the bare mention of which makes one shudder? But the form, the shadow of it only was left; then why keep up that form, or cling to a shadow of injustice which is no less odious than contemptible, except it were to mock, or to betray? Let all the wrongs public and private produced in France by arbitrary power and exclusive privileges for a thousand years be collected in a volume, and let this volume be read by all who have hearts to feel or capacity to understand, and the strong, stifling sense of oppression and kindling burst of indignation that would follow will be that impulse of public opinion that led to the French Revolution. Let all the victims that have perished under the mild paternal sway of the ancient regime, in dungeons and in agony, without a trial, without an accusation, without witnesses being assembled together, and their chains struck off, and the shout of jubilee and exultation they should make, or that nature would make at the sight, will be the shout that was heard when the Bastile fell! The dead pause that ensued among the Gods of the earth, the rankling malice, the panic-fear, when they saw law and justice raised to an equality with their sovereign will, and mankind no longer doomed to be their sport, was that of fiends robbed of their prey: their struggles, their arts, their unyielding perseverance, and their final triumph was that of fiends when it is restored to them!'

—Vol. I. p. 88.—

THE HUMOROUS MAN.

'You shall know the man I speak of by the vivacity of his eye, the "morn elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. The muscles of his mouth, unlike those of Monsieur Melancholy, (whose mouth has a "downward drag austere,") curl upward like a Spaniard's mustachios. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He will not see what men have to care for, beyond to-day; and is for To-morrow's providing for himself. He is also for a new reading of Jonson's old play of "*Every man in his Humour*" he would have it "*Every man in his Humour.*" He leaves money and misery to misers, ambition and blood, to warriors and highwaymen; fame to courtlaureates and lord-mayors; honour to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death, to such as to those who are not good; dread of heaven, for earth; the grave, to paris enough even undertakers; tombs, to proud wo clerks and palaces to paupers.

'It is enough for him if he may la "hours away;" and break a jest, wherein the pers more *humorous* break a head. He will not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. He says, that if he could allow himself to sigh about any thing, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for any thing, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and lament less. Yet he has tears for the orphan and the unhappy; but his tears die even where they are born,—in his "heart of hearts;" he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it, which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him the difference between poverty and riches, between wealth and want, and moves his heart to pity, and his hand to charity. He loves no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serves him for the kindling of his wit,—as cold flints strike out sparks of fire.

'His humour shows itself to all men and on all occasions. I found him once bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed devil of a rat, who was cringing up in a corner; he was offering him the retreat honourable, with a polite "After you Sir, if you would oblige me." I settled the point of etiquette, by kicking the rat down stairs, and received a frown from my humane friend for my impatient inhumanity. It must have been my humorous friend, and not the atrabilarious Bard of Twickenham, who, coming to a corn-field, pulled off his hat, and bowing profoundly, requested of his wheaten audience, that, as he was a poor poet, they would lend him their ears.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of puppyism in pigs that they wear tails. He defines a great coat to be a modern *Spenser*, in folio, with *tail pieces*. He calls Hercules a man mid-midwife, in a small way of business, because he had but twelve labours. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to convince the Romans that he was not a lame poet. He describes critics to be a sort of door-keepers to the temple of fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones—not that they always perform this duty honestly.'

'He is a polite man, though a wit—which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomed weapons, and wish them in the face of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, had his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man, that he is naturally, not artificially, polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt felt for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtezan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness, one arch devil in a domino:—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any other amiable quality. Thus he unites humour with seriousness, and seriousness with humour.

'In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is the only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and bending the back very humorously. In walking through his garden, a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him: his hat was immediately off, and the bow returned with an old-school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would, perhaps, have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow notions of manners. In this spirit, I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants, as he passed under St. Dunstan's church. He had asked his friend what was the hour; but before he could reply, the giants had informed him: "Thank you, gentlemen," said he, bowing to them with a graceful humour.'

'At dinner, there is but one glass on the table, his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence:—"Time, my dear hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing, he will request you, as you love a clean conscience, to make no thumb-and-butter references in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "art of book-keeping" which has superseded the "Italian method," namely, of never returning the books you borrow?"

'His wit is what he describes the true wit to be; is brilliant and playful as a fencing-foil; it is as pointed too, and yet it hurts not; it is as quick at a parry, and as harmless at a thrust. But it were a vanity in me to attempt to pourtray my humorous friend, so that all who run may know him. His likeness can be taken; you might as well hope to paint the chameleon of yesterday by the chameleon flash of day: or ask it as a particular favour of a whole-lightening to sit for half an hour for while you [illegible]ength portrait; or Proteus to stand motionless. Himself out a personification of Immutability. Himself is ever-changing, and yet never changed. I can[illegible] not reflect back, by my dim mirror, the "flashings not reflect back, by my dim his fiery mind," [illegible]shings and out-breakings of "excellent fooling" when he is in what he terms (but it is, to my thinking, true wisdom); sparkle follows sparkle, as spark followed spark from the well-bethumped anvil of patten-footed Vulcan. I give up the attempt.

'This is the humorous, and therefore happy, man. Dost envy him, thou with the rugged brow, and pale, dejected cheek; it is like laughing at the treatenings of a bully,—it makes her think less of her power over thee. Wouldst thou be such a man, single-hearted Selfishness, who hast no sympathy with the suffering, no smile with the happy? Feel less for thyself, and more for others, and the happiness of others shall make thee happy.'

THE AWKWARD MAN.

'I am, confess it with some shame, as ignorant of the world as the world is of me; and have only been used to look at men as children look at an eclipse—through glasses darkened and dulled with the smoke of my midnight lamp, which [illegible]

'Oft outwatch the bear
With [illegible] great Hermes, and unsphere
The [illegible] of Plato, to unfold
What [illegible]ds or what vast regions hold
The [illegible]mortal mind."

But a kind yet mistaken friend of mine, who insisted that the "proper study of mankind is man," after numberless invitations, polite pressures, and gentle tuggings, pulled me up by the roots from my studious bower, as a gardener plucks up a thriving weed, disentangling my very heart-strings and eye-strings from the richly-cultured ground of the Muses' garden, and dragged me from my learned lair, to accompany him on a visit to some moderately-fashionable friends in town. It was not till after much hesitating, apologizing and entreating him not to push me, so soon following my arrival in town, into that

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An individual, in a barbarous age and country, throws another, who has displeased him, (without other warrant than his will,) into a dungeon, where he pines for years, and then dies; and, perhaps, only the mouldering bones of the victim, discovered long after, disclose his fate; or if known at the time, the confessor gives absolution, and the few who are let into the secret are intimidated from giving vent to their feelings, and hardly dare disapprove in silence. Let this act of violence be repeated afterwards in story, and there is not an individual in the whole nation, whose bosom does not swell with pity, or whose blood does not curdle within him at the recital of this foul wrong. Why, then, should there be an individual in a nation privileged to do what no other individual in the nation can be found to approve? But he has the power, and will not part with it in spite of public opinion. Then that public opinion must become active, and break the moulds of prescription in which his right derived from his ancestors is cast, and this will be a revolution. Is that a state of things to regret or bring back, the bare mention of which makes one shudder? But the form, the shadow of it only was left; then why keep up that form, or cling to a shadow of injustice which is no less odious than contemptible, except it were to mock, or to betray? Let all the wrongs public and private produced in France by arbitrary power and exclusive privileges for a thousand years be collected in a volume, and let this volume be read by all who have hearts to feel or capacity to understand, and the strong, stifling sense of oppression and kindling burst of indignation that would follow will be that impulse of public opinion that led to the French Revolution. Let all the victims that have perished under the mild paternal sway of the ancient regime, in dungeons and in agony, without a trial, without an accusation, without witnesses be assembled together, and their chains struck off, and the shout of jubilee and exultation they should make, or that nature would make at the sight, will be the shout that was heard when the Bastile fell! The dead pause that ensued among the Gods of the earth, the rankling malice, the panic-fear, when they saw law and justice raised to an equality with their sovereign will, and mankind no longer doomed to be their sport, was that of fiends robbed of their prey: their struggles, their arts, their unyielding perseverance, and their final triumph was that of fiends when it is restored to them!'—Vol. I. p. 88.—

THE HUMOROUS MAN.

'You shall know the man I speak of by the vivacity of his eye, the "morn elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. The muscles of his mouth, unlike those of Monsieur Melancholy, (whose mouth has a "downward drag austere,") curl upward like a Spaniard's mustachios. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He will not see what men have to care for, beyond to-day; and is for To-morrow's providing for himself. He is also for a new reading of Jonson's old play of "*Every man in his Humour*" he would have it "*Every man in his Humour.*" He leaves money and misery to misers, ambition and blood, to warriors and highwaymen; fame to courtlaureates and lord-mayors; honour to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death, to such to those who are not good, dread of heaven, for earth; the grave, to pare enough even undertakers; tombs, to proud [illegible] clerks and palaces to paupers. [illegible]rms; and

'It is enough for him if he may la[illegible] "hours away;" and break a jest, wherewith the pers more *humorous* break a head. He will not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. He says, that if he could allow himself to sigh about any thing, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for any thing, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and lament less. Yet he has tears for the orphan and the unhappy; but his tears die even where they are born,—in his "heart of hearts;" he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it, which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him the difference between poverty and riches, between wealth and want, and moves his heart to pity, and his hand to charity. He loves no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serves him for the kindling of his wit,—as cold flints strike out sparks of fire.

'His humour shows itself to all men and on all occasions. I found him once bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed devil of a rat, who was cringing up in a corner; he was offering him the retreat honourable, with a polite "After you Sir, if you would oblige me." I settled the point of etiquette, by kicking the rat down stairs, and received a frown from my humane friend for my impatient inhumanity. It must have been my humorous friend, and not the atrabilarious Bard of Twickenham, who, coming to a corn-field, pulled off his hat, and bowing profoundly, requested of his wheaten audience, that, as he was a poor poet, they would lend him their ears.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of puppyism in pigs that they wear tails. He defines a great coat to be a modern *Spenser*, in folio, with *tail pieces*. He calls Hercules a man mid-mid-wife, in a small way of business, because he had but twelve labours. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to convince the Romans that he was not a lame poet. He describes critics to be a sort of door-keepers to the temple of fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones—not that they always perform this duty honestly.'

'He is a polite man, though a wit—which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomed weapons, and wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, had his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man, that he is naturally, not artificially, polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt felt for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtezan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness, the arch devil in a domino;—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any other amiable quality. Thus he unites humour with seriousness, and seriousness with humour.

'In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is the only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and bending the back very humorously. In walking through his garden, a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him: his hat was immediately off, and the bow returned with an old-school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would, perhaps, have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow notions of manners. In this spirit, I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants, as he passed under St. Dunstan's church. He had asked his friend what was the hour; but before he could reply, the giants had informed him: "Thank you, gentlemen," said he, bowing to them with a graceful humour.'

'At dinner, there is but one glass on the table, his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence:—"Time, my dear hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing, he will request you, as you love a clean conscience, to make no thumb-and-butter references in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "art of book-keeping" which has superseded the "Italian method," namely, of never returning the books you borrow?"

'His wit is what he describes the true wit to be; is brilliant and playful as a fencing-foil; it is as pointed too, and yet it hurts not; it is as quick at a parry, and as harmless at a thrust. But it were a vanity in me to attempt to pourtray my humorous friend, so that all no[illegible]o run may know him. His likeness can[illegible] be taken; you might as well hope to paint the cameleon of yesterday by the cameleon flash of day: or ask it as a particular favour of a whole-lightaning to sit for half an hour for while you d[illegible]ength portrait; or Proteus to stand mutability. Fitzellen out a personification of Inchanged. I can[illegible]is ever-changing, and yet never mirror, the "[illegible]a not reflect back, by my dim his fiery mind," [illegible]things and out-breakings of "excellent fooling" [illegible]when he is in what he terms true wisdom); sparkle follows sparkle, [illegible]as spark followed spark from the well-bethumped anvil of patten-footed Vulcan. I give up the attempt.

'This is the humorous, and therefore happy, man. Dost envy him, thou with the rugged brow, and pale, dejected cheek; it is like laughing at the treatenings of a bully,—it makes her think less of her power over thee. Wouldst thou be such a man, single-hearted selfishness, who hast no sympathy with the suffering, no smile with the happy? Feel less for thyself, and more for others, and the happiness of others shall make thee happy.'

THE AWKWARD MAN.

'I am, confess it with some shame, as ignorant of the world as the world is of me; and have only been used to look at men as children look at an eclipse—through glasses darkened and dulled w[illegible] the smoke of my midnight lamp, which [illegible]

"[illegible] Oft outwatch the bear
With [illegible]great Hermes, and unsphere
The [illegible]of Plato, to unfold
Wh[illegible]ds or what vast regions hold
Th[illegible]mortal mind."

But a kind yet mistaken friend of mine, who insisted that the "proper study of mankind is man," after numberless invitations, polite pressures, and gentle tuggings, pulled me up by the roots from my studious bower, as a gardener plucks up a thriving weed, disentangling my very heart-strings and eye-strings from the richly-cultured ground of the Muses' garden, and dragged me from my learned lair, to accompany him on a visit to some moderately-fashionable friends in town. It was not till after much hesitating, apologizing and entreating him not to push me, so soon following my arrival in town, into that

vortex which I dreaded—into gaieties so opposite to the seclusion in which I had passed my late pupilage in the west of England; till, after inquiring over and over again, whether they were very fashionable people? and being assured that it was a plain, worthy Scotch family, the widow and son and daughters of Colonel ——, who had but lately arrived in this country, from the East Indies, where the gallant colonel had died, leaving them in very handsome circumstances,—that I submitted at last to go, with as good a grace as Barnardine did to be hanged; and it cost me as many efforts to step up to the door, as him to mount the steps of the scaffold. The knock was given, the door opened; and my friend, (must I call him so?) perceiving that I would fain have retreated, dragged me in, as the young oxen were dragged into the temples of the ancients where they were meant to be sacrificed. We were in, however; and I passed very successfully along the line of cane and lap-dog carriers and other gilt gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, without being openly quizzed; and I therefore began to augur favourably of my future success.

'I made something like an oblique bow, which, for, any thing I know to the contrary, was meant for the company present, but it might be mistaken to have been intended for the bust of Shakspeare on the side-board, as for the use I had put it to. This would have passed unnoticed, had I not, in the first place, in retreating my right foot from a bow in advance, come with my heel, which was new-pumped, sharp against the shin of the footman who was politely waiting to see me to a chair;—had I not, in the second, in shaking hands with each one of the party on being introduced, nipped one of the young ladies' fingers almost in the bud, and dropped the hand of a second without shaking it, that I might grasp that of a third, who was waiting to go through the ordeal; and had I not, in the third place, shook the hand of the friend who had introduced me so long and so cordially, that you would have supposed I had never seen the man before in my life, instead of having been brought there by him.

'But the spirit of unaccustomed gallantry was still effervescing within, I thought I might venture on being polite to the lady on my left. I watched her wants, therefore, with the eye of a lover, seeking occasion for saying some gallant thing, or for doing one. Her eyes, which were the prettiest pair of the blue eyes I had ever seen out of poetry, settled upon a peach, like two sister butterflies of that azury hue which gives to the blue seraphs of the vales of Cashmere the sovereignty for beauty. I was all haste to serve her eyes, and so to win her hert; but darting my arm too hastily, I threw down a decanter of wine, whose issuing tide divided and subdivided itself in to as many streams as you may sometimes see issuing from an allegorical urn in a country map. Great consternation ensued: the captain feared a stain on his military small-clothes, the clergyman on the sacerdotal cloth, and the ladies looked after the unsullied show of their gowns with as much care as they would after their characters for spotless virtue. Many apologies were made by my blushing friend for my blushing self, which was very handsome in him, as I was too confused to apologize for myself, and was fully employed in damming up the main stream with my handkerchief, till the assisting hand of a footman at my elbow, who was as welcome to me as the sun to the rain-drenched meadows, had dried up the vinous inundation. My friend lied for me like truth. I was first of all very near-sighted, and could not see across a table, though he had very often envied me the length of my sight; and next, I was very nervous, though he had often declared me to be too strong in our gymnastic exercises. The accident was soon forgotten, the company was again calm, and Awkward "was himself again."

'The servant had been despatched below for some purpose or other; and I, being immediately over against mine hostess, was very smilingly requested to succeed him in his very pleasant office of waiting on the ladies! What could have induced the good old Lady to confer such a distinction on me, of all men else, seeing what she had seen, I know not; but it was my fate: it was perhaps meant in kindness to me, that I might, by a short course of honourable employment, qualify myself future honours. O, cruel kindness—kind cruelty! I could not refuse (what "man, of woman born," could?) the honour of serving a bevy of the prettiest dames in Christendom; I accepted, therefore, with an outward smile of satisfaction, but an inward shrug of chagrin, an office which I could not relinquish, and knew I should disgrace. I left my seat with the fearful plate of toast in my trembling hand; and whether it was the fear of its slipping from my hold, which induced me to pinch it too tightly with my finger and thumb, or whether it was the brittleness of the china, I know not, but just as I had reached the first fair one of the circle, split went the plate, and splash went its well buttered contents into the musling lap of the shrieking lady, leaving me convulsively nipping the fragment of the plate more tightly than ever, and blushing with shame and confusion as I vainly stammered out an apology, interrupted by more *dashes* than you will find in ten chapters of Sterne. My young lady could not conceal her chagrin at being so much bedaubed: my friend refused to lie for me more—there could be no hereditary antipathy to a plate of toast and butter! But here my fair wit, who, I verily, "loved me for the dangers I had undergone," as I love her "because she did pity them," saved me from the frowns of the gentle partner in this last dire accident, by wittily remarking, that her fair cousin was never before *toasted* by any gallant.'—*January 9.*

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS. No. 1.

THERE are some people who believe our age so infinitely the most important the world has ever known, that their opinions and boastings might well put us in mind of Voltaire's 'un homme tel que moi.' It is after the fashion of that worthy's remarks on his own dignity, that we constantly hear the present century applauded by its minions; and half the speeches at county dinners, and leading articles in daily newspapers, are filled with ejaculations in the name of the nineteenth century—'Un siècle tel que moi.'

There are others whose interest leads them to laud the wisdom of our ancestors as something altogether super-human. But these are not the only persons who cast longing looks behind them, and who delight to lose the present among the shadowy mazes of a far antiquity. The gradual deterioration of the world and its inhabitants was a favourite theory with an elder generation than ours; and while we feel all the inconveniences of the passing hour, and turn our eyes only to the treasures, and glories, and prominent lights of antiquity, it is not very wonderful that we are somewhat inclined to prefer the historical to the actual, and to take refuge in fancy, from our personal annoyances, amid the calm and lofty deliciousness of the by-gone day.

Both parties are probably mistaken. The same capacities exist at all times among men; but there certainly never has been a state of society which would permit the development of those capacities in any thing like the perfection which they are destined to arrive at hereafter. Our own time has reached, in every thing connected with the senses, a degree of excellence which probably was not foreseen by any ancient philosopher. The powers of matter have been explored, and applied in a thousand varieties of ways, which, convenient, interesting, and beautiful as they are, yet seem to be only an early step in an illimitable progression. It may be doubted, however, whether we have advanced at all proportionably in those higher and interior qualities which are of infinitely more importance towards the perfection of each individual nature, but display themselves far less definitely by outward and calculable manifestations.

Whatsoever may be the mechanical advantages, or the social condition of a people, the same mighty principles of moral advancement, the same germs of truth and love, though often slumbering and torpid, yet live eternally in the hearts of the people. A large portion of this innate good has uniformly been developed among the greatest writers of every country. It is one of the primary elements of genius, and, perhaps, the most essential. To trace its appearance in the literature of any land or period, and to examine the mode in which it has moulded and assimilated to itself the forms which are the outgrowth and characteristic peculiarities of the people and the time, is an efficacious and delightful mode of throwing out into vigorous exertion the most precious qualities of our own minds. But to search, in this way, into the most remarkable intellects of our own day and country, and to know, with a learned spirit, the qualities of the masters of our generation, bears with it a more direct and obvious benefit; for though it be perfectly certain that the man of the highest genius is he in whom there is most of the eternal and the universal, of those qualities which are independent of climates and centuries, and government and education, which lend their power to the forms through which they show themselves, instead of resting on those forms for their success; yet it is also certain, that when genius has breathed into those lifeless shapes and idols the breath of its nostrils, they assume a reality, and seem to move with an independent life, whereby we learn more of their origin and purport than from a thousand minute delineations of details and peculiarities, not informed by this inspiration. The man, moreover, of the mightiest energies and sympathies will uniformly imbue with his own mind and rule, for his own purposes, all that is merely formal and accidental in the state of things to which he belongs. He will not reject the aid of the implements which are scattered round him; but he will wield them to his own purposes, and with a power unknown to those whose hands first shaped and employed them; and thus it is, that in studying the minds and works of great writers, we arrive at a deeper and more living knowledge of the epoch to which we belong, than if we looked, however widely, over its surface, or mined, however long and darkly, in its inmost caves. It is moreover, in the writings of such men, that we arrive at the most precise acquaintance with the general and permanent causes which, even around our daily paths, are moulding and inspiring the whole mass of that society, whereof ourselves are portions.

There is much, also, to be learned from the examination even of those inferior, though still in some degree remarkable, men, who often enjoy, for a season, a larger share of popularity and vulgar applause than wiser and more pregnant intellects. But, in every study of this kind, the great point to be kept in view in this: viz. that the examination of individual character, as well as every other species of human research, is only valuable inasmuch as it assists the workings of the spirit of truth within us. The light pursuits of the most frivolous, the elaborate inquiries of cumbrous erudition, the experiments of the man of science, the perils and labours of the pilgrims of knowledge, are all equally contemptible and worthless, except as assistances towards the nourishing into consciousness those general principles, the obscure records of wisdom, the lines of eternal truth, originally traced upon our minds, however faint and dim, by the hand of Him who is at once all wisdom and all truth. Of this knowledge, after the secrets of our own being have become manifest to our eyes, it is most important to us, as agents and instruments of good, to become acquainted with the state of custom, and feeling, and thought, among those around us.

To every portion of mankind, to every age, has been assigned its peculiar character. There are national as well as individual idiosyncracies; and different races are no less distinguished by the variety of their arms and dresses—the Roman sword, the Gothic lance, the Indian tomahawk—than by the distinctive features of their customs, opinions, and modes of feeling. We catch a glimpse of human society shadowed afar off among the dim outlines of tents and camels, and the flocks of patriarchs, and the palm-trees of Arabia. The stamp of conquest, and the records of priestly tyranny, are exhibited, broad and deep, among the fearful gradations of castes, the stupendous monuments and pretended theocracy of Egypt, Etruria, and Hindoostan. The very name of Greece calls up the image of the sun-lit city, with the music, the dances, the pageants, and the songs of its theatres; the perfection of human vigour displayed in the Palæstra, in shapes of an almost ideal beauty; the temples and the statues, the lovely phantasms of a poetical religion; the impassioned throng around the bema of the orator, and the eloquent meditations of a noble philosophy. The grave and simple unity of Roman forms, which made the city a camp, and the camp a temple, the lictors and the curule chair—the outward dress of a system in which every thing was included under positive institutions, are no less distinct from the barbaric magnificence and startling contrasts of the fiery East, than from the rough, unorganized energy of the Teutonic tribes, the forest domain, the herds and huts, the irregular council and naked array of the Hercynian wilderness. Again, another era presents to us the very busy marts of Bruges, and the crowded manufactories of Florence; the innumerable fortresses of feudal Germany, with their buttresses of rock, and their men of iron; the tribunals of love, the troubadours and jongleurs, in the palaces of Thoulouse; the astrolabe and sigil, the tournament and bull-fight of Granada; with the horrible extravagances of crusades, and the elaborate follies of scholastic logic.

It may seem to some the result of a severe wisdom, to say that these are all recollections striking indeed to the fancy, for this, at least, will be allowed by every one, but without the slightest pretension to any substantial value. Yet these things are all symptoms of the particular forms under which human nature subsisted at certain epochs, and in various modes of society. These epochs and modes of national existence, were each of them as marked in their own individual being as are single men.

This is very remarkably true of the present age of European society. The latter portion of the eighteenth century was the begining of a new era, which is even yet but in its earlier stages. It is difficult to form even a faint and vague conception of the mighty events and incalculable revolutions which its progress is destined to unfold. Who is there who can venture to affirm, that we ourselves shall not be the spectators of changes, more startling, widely-spreading, and permanently important, than all the shatterings of thrones, the convulsions of governments, the earthquake shocks of universal opinion, or even than that wondrous regeneration of literature, which has so suddenly begun to enlarge the prospects of mankind, and has so astounded the exclusive worshippers of the dead and mouldering past?

We can foresee little of the future; but still we can see something; and we should be madmen or idiots to close our eyes, and shut up the volumes of divination, while that great movement is bearing onward the whole world, by which we, too, must be swept along. The signs of the times are around us, many and various, and prominent: but we find them, above all, in the writings of those men, some of whom are even now so powerfully influencing society, while others are treasures reserved and hoarded up for the benefit of, perhaps, a distant futurity. We therefore propose to examine those minds of our own day, which are the most conspicuous in literature, for good or for evil; and though we are well aware that we can employ but very inadequate means, yet we hope we may venture to assert, that our pen will be guided by no feeling but the free love of truth.—

AN ITALIAN STORY.

IN a former notice of the 'Posthumous Papers, of a person about Town,' after giving a general analysis of the Work, and adducing examples of its gay and agreeable humour, in several of the lighter pieces of the volume, we adverted to one Tale, contained in its pages, which struck us as of extraordinary interest, pathos, and beauty, and stated our intention to give it, if possible, at length: Other claims upon our space have not permitted us to fulfil this intention; but, supplying the place of the portions we have omitted, by links sufficient to connect the main incidents of the story, and render the whole intelligible, we now present it to the reader, in the persuasion that the narrative cannot fail to be powerfully [illegible] in the progress of the narrative, as well as by its touching and even tragical termination.

'*A Story of the Olden Time in Italy.*'

'"I am the daughter of noble parents, whom I will not name,—for they should rest undisgraced in their tombs,—who left me sole heir of a large estate in the most fertile fields of Italy. I had fair and stately halls, vassals for service in court or field, ladies for attendance, and every other thing needful or unneedful with which human pride can be pampered, and honour or humour desire or deserve. Mistress of these enviable possessions, I had many princely suitors, who met with honourable entertainment as their many pleasant qualities merited. But there was one never seen among those flattering suitors, who was a thriving wooer with my heart, though he had never worshipped at its shrine; and might have had that woman's toy as a gift which he was either too humble or too proud to ask.

'This was the noble gentleman called Guido de Medicis, the owner of a poor estate, touching upon the wider skirts of mine. He was of an ancient race of poets, painters sculptors, legislators, and members of all the intellect of Italy—that proud land, where the hand of humble genius, is of more nobility than the entire body of merely honourable birth. But he o[illegible] I write, is now cold in a grave only [illegible] great capacity, the earth embra[illegible] and cold miserable and [illegible] he recollection [illegible] done him, out[illegible] enough mourn h[illegible] and pride of my d[illegible] fore, do I weep [illegible] wash away, nor my [illegible] to heaven and my[illegible]

An eloquent [illegible] of Guido follows

'From some [illegible] among his dome[illegible] (which I had th[illegible] was irrevocably [illegible] daughter of Bapt[illegible] chant of Florence [illegible] was to set out f[illegible] hand, in fulfilm[illegible] made when pasin[illegible] This intelligence [illegible] heart; and, for [illegible] averse from the [illegible] courtesies of my [illegible] saw my spirit to b[illegible] at its disease; bu[illegible] resolution, rather [illegible] to die of an undisc[illegible] malady was hopel[illegible] voiceless. I preserv[illegible] is alone the securi[illegible] theless, I wept my[illegible] and darkness of th[illegible] I did till the pale[illegible] so constant, listen[illegible] that it was scarcel[illegible] pitying kindly, or [illegible]

Guido leaves his[illegible] the Italian lady, una[illegible] follows him in secret[illegible] to Guido's intended [illegible]

'Bianca Buonave[illegible] worthy of a sculpto[illegible] beauties which Art [illegible] were mingled in he[illegible] her form were blended all that I ha[illegible] idealities of Grecian [illegible] and Roman majesty; in motion, she w[illegible] and swam the air, rather [illegible] the earth. Her step was an in[illegible] sweeter than the recol[illegible] Her mind was a book o[illegible] written surely, by some [illegible] Her countenance such as angel[illegible] made fair that man mi[illegible] all is beautiful. Lov[illegible] with so holy and placi[illegible] burning in the winter h[illegible] light; wherever they [illegible] illuminated, and whatever [illegible] flected back the beam[illegible] Indeed, in all those fa[illegible] ties which make woman [illegible] of earthly creatures—m[illegible] That Guido should [illegible] no longer wonderful; for I even loved him the more that he did love her, so endearing a power hath beauty in its purity.

They were to be married on the morrow, the Italian lady, subduing her passion to a sister's love, attended the [illegible] ceremony, and agreed to accompany them from Florence to the seacoast, where they all took shipping for Syracuse, the residence of Bianca's family and are overtaken by a storm:

'The frail vessel, which had lain on the

waters like a log, strained under their strong stirring, and creaked as if its ribs were severing. High wave followed high wave, as if they were indeed not waves, but mountains sliding off the face of the earth into the sea of space—when, rolling some way over the common level of the waters, they fell with a crushing noise into the bed of the sea. At length, all the fury of the tempest seemed gathered, and again the lightning glanced along the deck, and mingled with the washing waves, so that it was not easy to say whether the water was not lightning, or the lightning water, for they appeared one. The crazy vessel now dipped down, and now heaved to this side, and now to the other, like a toy in the hands of the mighty tempest. The master gave command, seeing that the sea broke with every rush over the ship, that those who feared the peril should go below; but not one of all the trembling throng stirred from where they held by the ship,—for all saw the worst, and none thought it possible to escape from it. Bianca clung, in silent horror, to her husband, who strove to comfort her, and bid her take heart. The old man covered his grey head with the foldings of his cloak; and, as he sat motionless and wordless, seemed the very resignation of despair.'

The storm increasing, the vessel was driven on the rocks: but again floated off, without sinking. The tragedy now thickens:

'It was true that she had but hurt, and, with the recoiling rush of the waves, was thrown afloat again; but ere the master could leap to the helm, to put her father out, a strong sea came driving before the wind, which now blew as it would part the poles, and again flung her, as it she were no mightier than a sea-shell, upon the sharp rocks. She broke at the blow like parted bread, the stern half of her huge bulk tumbling over into the sea, while the head of the vessel lay reeling on the rock. Then the shriek of dismay and death went up from men that were never more to call on Heaven; for the many of the crew were crowded about the helm: and, when it parted, went down with her, never again to rise with life. The venerable Baptista, Guido, his fair wife, and my wretched self, still clung to the chains at the bow; but not long held we there, for a strong wave came mounting at our backs, and in a moment we were hurled with the halved vessel down from the reef into the gaping abyssmal depht it had left in the sea. Again the fragment mounted to the surface-sea, and we had all held to each other and to the ropes which were coiled round our bodies, save the feeble Bianca, who had sunk out of the grasp of her husband, but being entangled in the coil of the ropes, was not swept into the sea. We might hear another wave coming with a rushing roar towards us, as it had determined we should be its prey; when Guido, seeing, with the calmness of courage, that, if we awaited it, our escape was hopeless, cried out, "Father, take thou the care of the Lady Erminia, as I will of thy daughter, and let us at once leap beyond the reef into the sea, and struggle for the land."

'And now shrink not as from the serpent fiend, to hear me tell the story of that crime which has cursed me here, and may hereafter. After these words, he again cried out, "Bianca, my beloved, where art thou?" The fatal love which had fed upon me like a flame upon a living sacrifice, even in this awful hour burnt sensibly in my hateful heart; and prompted by that miserable passion, and the love of him and of life, some fiend answered surely with my tongue, "Here!"—and he caught at me as a despense drowner doth at a floating weed, and leaping into the sea, cried to the old man, "Follow me, father, follow me!"— But he heard him not: for I saw that he was dead, and had fallen on his swooned child, who, as we leaped into the sea, shrieked out, and audibly informed me that she still lived, though my struggling soul would fain have quieted its conscience with the thought that she was dead, and so have palliated to itself, if it failed afterwards to Guido and to Heaven, its damnable deceit. Guido heard not her cry, or if he did, took it, in the sturning turbulance of the tempest's roar, for mine. For a long time he buffetted the waves with a giant's strength, and a courage that could not be weakened; and still as he beat the waves aside, or breasted them, like a living rock, he cried!" "Be of good cheer my Bianca, I shall save thee yet!" And when I heard him call on her name my heart smote so fearfully within me, that though I was sure of death if I had disclosed that I was Erminia, I thrice had nearly confessed the dreaful truth; but my love of life, and cruel love of him, stifled my voice. Twice I saw, in the glaring flash of the lightning, that he gazed upon me, to see if I had life; for the fear of disclosure, and the peril of the waters, made me voiceless and strenghtless, and I lay almost lifeless in his clasping arm, as he struck through the waves with the other. He looked on me again, but the waters had washed my long hair over my face so that he knew me not? and still he clasped me to him tenderly, and beat hisburdened way through the sea. Long time thus he contended resolutely, with death, when, just as his strength was spent and he had bade me commit my soul to Heaven he descried lights not far before us, and faintly told me still to hope, for we were near land. This nerved him anew, and he plied his way lustily, till at length we touched the rocky shore, where, summoning a desperate man's might, he clambered up the low, craggy cliffs, and, feeling the firm earth under him, dropped to the ground, from utter exhaustion. For some time I knew not what occurred, for safety then seemed more dreadful to me than the daugers I had passed through, and I swooned. When I recovered, I found Guido endeavouring to bring life back. by cherishing me in his bosom. And ever and anon he would call for help, as strongly as he might, to the distant fishermen's cottages, where he had first discerned the light which led him to the shore.

'At length we descried a light approaching the spot where we lay, still on the ground, and could hear the loud halloo of the comers; and, after some time, guided by his continual cry, a fisherman came up with a torch. As it neared us, I shrank from it like a foul and guilty thing that loves darkness rather than day, but in vain; for Guido's anxious eye looked at last on my face, as the light fell on it, when uttering a dreadful shriek of dis-may and despair, he dropped me from his arms, and starting from the ground, like one made instantly mad by some sudden stroke upon the brain, he rushed, staggering and strengthless, but wildly to the cliff. I clung to him heavily, to prevent him from again leaping into the sea; but I dared not speak to him! save by feeble, inarticulate cries. He glanced at me a look which withered me, and, shaking me like a serpent to the earth, with a terrible cry, flung himself from the cliff into the sea. I beheld him beating his way back to the wreck, as the lightning momentarily flashed from the firmament; and, at length, I saw him grasp at some white burden on the waters, and again turn for the shore; but suddenly his right arm ceased to strike out; and though I kept my breaking eyes fixed on the same spot, when the next lightning flashed, I saw that he had sunk; when crying to God in my despair, I fell on my face, and was insensible to all about me.'—*Jan. 23.*

SIR WALTER'S PARRITCH PAN.—In the museum at Abbotsford, there is a small Roman *patera*, or goblet, in showing which, Sir Walter Scott tells the following story:—"I purchased this (says he) at a nobleman's roup near by, at the enormous sum of twenty-five guineas. I would have got it for twenty pence, if an antiquary, who knew its value, had not been there and opposed me. However, I was almost consoled for the bitter price it cost, by the amusement I derived from an old woman, who had evidently come from a distance, to purchase some culinary articles, and who had no taste for the antique. At every accessive guinea which we bade for the *patera*, this good old lady's mouth grew wider and wider with unsophisticated astonishment, until at last I heard her mutter to herself, in a tone which I shall never forget—'Five an' twenty guineas? *If the parritch pan gangs at that, what will be the kail pat gang for!*'—*Glasgow Free Press.*

IRISH WIT.—As Sir Walter Scott was riding a few weeks ago, with a friend, in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, he came to a field gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, hastened to open for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding this civility by the present of sixpence, but found that he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Hear, my good fellow," said the Baronet, "here is a shilling for you; but mind you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honour!" exclaimed Pat, "may your honour live till I pay you!"

The Romance of History. By Henry Neele. 3 vols. 12mo. Edward Bull, London, 1827.

The design of this work is after the manner of several of Walter Scott's best novels, to give pictures of events, and illustrations of manners, that shall have history for their basis, and appropriate and characteristic additions, quite in keeping with the age, for their ornament. In the execution of this design, we think the author has been eminently successful. He has chosen for his motto an expression of Lord Byron's:

'Truth is stranger—
Stranger than fiction.'

And it is beyond dispute that the annals of real events furnish quite as much of the wonderful, and far more of the touching and sublime, than mere imagination has ever yet been able to produce. The Tales are about thirty in number, and the period to which they all refer is that between the Conquest and the Restoration,—the former, as the author expresses himself, being not so remote as to carry him beyond authenticated history, and the latter being as recent as could be admitted, without being involved in debateable questions of still unsettled authenticity. The reign of each English Sovereign is illustrated by at least one Tale, and a historical summary of the leading events of each reign is prefixed to the Tale referring to that period.

In the first volume, the Tales of 'Wulstan of Worcester,' 'The Conquests of Normandy, or the Monk's Three Visits;' and 'The Three Palmers,' are the most striking. From the last we shall offer an extract to shew the style and manner of the author, and afford a specimen of the power by which the characters of his heroes are invested with the highest interest. This Tale commences by representing three travellers, in the habits of pilgrims, being found near Vienna in the year 1193, on their way to the Holy Land. These disguised Palmers were, Sir Fulk Doyly, Lord Thomas of Multon, and King Richard of England. They were discovered, seized, and Richard thrown into a dungeon. The then Emperor of Germany, whose prisoner Richard had thus become, had only one son, Prince Arthur, who was considered the bravest knight & strongest man in Germany; & envious of the fame of Richard for feats of strength, desired a day to be appointed for the public trial of their powers on which he & Richard should each give and receive a blow, in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger. The Tale then proceeds:

'On the day appointed, the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Margaretta, and the principal persons about the Court assembled in the great hall of the castle of Hagenau for the purpose of witnessing this trial of strength. The dark eyes of Margaretta glistened with wonder and delight as the King of England, of whom she had heard so much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehension on her brother's account; and yet there was something in her heart which would not allow her to wish that the latter might be successful. The Prince seemed to entertain no fear of the result: in outward appearance the combatants seemed pretty nearly matched: The Prince was as tall and as muscular as the King; he had sustained the assault of many a celebrated warrior, and had, as yet stood the blows of the mightiest unmoved. They were neither of them armed but were clad in silken tunics, and wore Oriental turbans on their heads.

'"Richard of England," said Arthur, "if thou wouldst forbear this trial thou mayest, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet in token of that acknowledgement."

'"Arthur of Austria," said Richard, "I come not here to prate, and if the Emperor has only exhibited his prisoner here this day that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon the better. I am ready, Prince to bear thy blow but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings."

'"Forbear, forbear, Arthur," said the Princess "and provoke not this rash quarrel farther; acknowledge the King of England's superior prowess. Surely an unknown knight like thee, may, without discrediting thyself, make such acknowledgement to the most renowned warrior in Christendom."

'"Peace, idle girl," said the Prince. "And now King Richard look to thyself. Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed for ever,"

Thus saying he raised his arm, clenched his hand which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head which those who beheld it accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The King, however, received it with his arms folded, his eye wandering carelessly round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of the oak by the gentle breeze of summer. The shriek was instantly changed into an expression of admiration and wonder.

'"Did the Prince strike me?" said Richard, turning round to his opponent. "Give me your hand, young Sir; now fare you well, and may you be more successful in the future trials of your strength,"

'"Nay, nay, Sir King," said the Prince, detaining him; "this semblance of courtesy suits me not. The proud barons of England must not say that their King disdained to try his strength on the Almain Prince. Here stand I ready to receive thy blow. Thou wilt not! Then here do I proclaim thee a coward, and no true knight. Thy strength consists in resistance, and not in assault. Thou are fearful to try thy arm on me, because thou knowest that thy blow will not produce an effect even equal to that which I have bestowed upon thee."

'The King turned shortly round upon the Prince. There was an expression of determination, but not of violent effort, in his features. He, in his turn, clenched his hand, raised his arm and darting his blow with the velocity of lightning at the Prince, the latter fell lifeless to the ground.'

'"He's slain! he's slain!" shrieked the Empress; the cold-hearted Englishman has murdered my boy!"

'All present instantly crowded round the corpse and every effort was used, but unsuccessfully, to restore to it animation. "It is in vain—it is vain!" said the Emperor. "Oh heaven!" he added, clasping his hands, "he was my only son; my only hope." The Empress gazed on the body sternly and silently, Then turning to her husband "It is the finger of heaven," she said; "thy wickedness and violence in detaining this King by prisoner have drawn down the wrath of God upon us. Release him and let him go, lest a worse evil befal us.

'"Now, by our Lady," said the Emperor "rather will I let him reve the life from me, as well as from my son. Away with him! Sink him in the deepest and most lothsome dungeon of the castle; and load those proud limbs with fetters till their cruel and unnatural strength be reduced to infantine weakness."

'Richard cast a grim look of defiance and triumph on his imperial geolar, and followed his guards silently to his place of durance.

'The Emperor's commands were strictly and relentlessly obeyed. The captive King was trust in to a subterranean dungeon from which the light and the breath of heaven were alike excluded; his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither meat nor drink were provided for him. But the stout heart of Richard Plantagenet was not easily daunted.—His guard heard him singing as gaily and as lightly as if his prison were a lady's bower, although the only accompaniment to his music was the dull heavy clank of the footsteps of his gaoler as he paced backwards and forwards on the outside of the dungeon.

'"Oh lady, lady fair,
My heart is full of thee;
And no frown but the frown of thy dark blue eyes,
And no sighs but thy own white bosom's sighs,
Can ever work sorrow in me.

'"Oh lady, lady fair,
The Paynim has fled from me;
I have slain the knight who bade me kneel;
I have answered the threats of kings with steel,
But I bend my knee to thee.

'"Oh lady, lady fair,
A sceptre has passed from me,
And an empire been reft—yet still I command
A nobler sceptre—thy own white hand,
And more than an empire in thee."

'As the captive concluded his song, he heard his prison door slowly unbarred, and shortly afterwards the gaoler entered, holding a torch in his hand, and leading a lady by the other.

'Richard started at this apparition, and gazing on the features of his fair visitor, recognized the Lady Margaretta.

'"And can your mind find leisure, Sir King, in so dismal a lodging as this, to chaunt the praises of your lady fair?" asked the Princess.

'"The true knight," answered the King, "can always find leisure for such an occupation, especially when his lady fair is so near him as mine was."

'As he spoke, he gazed earnestly at the lady, who blushed deeply and hung down her head.—The gallant monach was always ready to make love; and although the subject of his song was a lady between whom and him wide seas and lofty mountains were set, yet he did not hesitate to assure Margaretta that it was she, and she only who occupied his thoughts, and that ever since he had beheld her in the morning, he had forgotten his own sorrows in the contemplation of her surpassing beauty.

'"I come to free thee," said the lady: "I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude—I dare not say thy love. Yet if I unloose thy fetters thou must take under thy procection the hepless being to whom thou wilt owe thy deliverance."

'"Sweetest lady! I will wander to the end of the world with thee—or, better, thou shall fly with me to merry England. There eyes almost as bright as thine will smile on thee a joyous welcome. Fair damsels and steel-clad barons shall like bless thee for restoring their monarch to them."

'"'Tis now dead midnight," said the lady, "all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the castle gates, but must ascend to my chamber. A ladder of ropes is fastened to the casement, by which we may safely descend, and then we shall find three palfrays, for thyself, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted gaoler, who dares not stay behind thee."

'"Thanks geuerous damsel,' said the King. A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise means of disguise and concealment, and of finding our way to some of the ports in Flanders, in all of which there are vessels from England ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their king. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey."

'Rudolph had, however, provided for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood up unshackled, if not a free man.—At that moment a hideous outcry pervaded the Castle. The word of alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approching in the direction of the King of England's dungeon.

'"She's gone—she's fled," said a female voice which was immediately recognized to be that of the Empress. "I found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of ropes attached to the casement. This ill-omened violence of thine will prove the ruin of our house."

'"Peace, woman, peace," said the Emperor: "let us see if our prisoners be safe. Ha," he added, as with a dozen followers, who brandished their naked swords above their heads, he came within view of the object of his search. "Behold the traitor with that dishonoured minion in his arms. Smite him! slay him! the murderer of your Prince—the betrayer of my daughter."

'The myrmidons were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced towards the unarmed captive. Margaretta, who was lying in his arms in a state of death-like stupor, seemed roused by the flash of their sabres, and exclaiming, "Save him—spare him!—back—back," rushed between the intended victim and his assassins, and received the weapon of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was uttered by every voice; the uplifted swords fell one and all to the ground; and Margaretta, bathed in blood, sunk at the feet of her father.

'"Her heart is pierced! she is dead," shrieked the Empress: "woe worth the hour in which violent hands were laid upon the sacred person of a Christian King! woe, woe to me; my son—my daughter—where are ye."

'The Emperor stood for a moment mute, and still as statute. The red flush of anger which had inflamed his features, was succeded by a livid paleness, and the fierce rolling of his eyes seemed to be giving place to the glassy glare of mortallity. At length, his brow grew black as night, and his lips quivered with a maligunant smile, as he asked in a low and stifled voice:

'"Is not the den of the Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?"

'"It is, my liege," answered an attendant; "the doors face each other, and are separated only by this narrow corridor."

'"Thrust back the traitor to his cell, then," said the Emperor, "and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my revenger."

'The Empress caught her husband's arm and gazed with a look of deprecation in his face. The stern inflexible expression there seemed to freeze her into silence, and she sunk to the earth. In the meantime, the attendants prepared to force King Richard back to his dungeon, but folding his arms, and with a smile of mingled triumph and contempt on his features, he spared them the effort by walking tranquilly thither. The door of the lion's den was then immediately unbarred, and the furious animal sprang to the entrance. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eyes round upon them, the spectators had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was above eight feet in length, and near five feet and a half in height. His long shaggy mane extended from the top of the head to below the shoulders, and hung down to the knees. His feet were armed with claws which seemed near two inches long; and while his right fore foot was advanced, he lashed the earth with his tail, and gazed intently into the opposite cell in which his destined victim awaited his attack. An instant afterwards he uttered a roar and sprang towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above but the King, with his clenched hand, smote him so violent a blow on the breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state, while volums of smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter with the same Herculean strength repell the attack. The annimal now stood at the door of his den as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault; he stamped violently with his tail, erected the hair of head and mane, and opening wide his mouth displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The Emperor and his attendants shrunk back appalled, but what was their atonishment at seeing the King in his turn becoming the assailant, and rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal, and thrust his arm down his throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, reared and plunged, and seemed to shake even the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death rattle was heard in his throat, his limbs after quivering for an instant were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground, and Richard, drawing forth his arm, displayed the heart of the ferocious animal in his grasp.

'"'God save King Richard,'" burst from the lips of every one present. "The right hand of God is stretched over the Soldier of the Cross. The powers of Heaven fight in the cause of Heaven's chosen servants." Such were the exclamations which rang in the ears of the undaunted monarch, while the beaming eyes and agitated features of the spectators testifyed their admiration and astonishment still more strongly. "The will of Heaven be done," said the Emperor, approaching his captive. "I have already paid dear enough King Richard, for detaining you in my custody, and will not tempt the wrath of Heaven farther. Say, is the ransom money ready?"

'"Three hundred thousand marks is the sum demanded," said King Richard, scorufully, "Is it not, most generous Emperor?"

'"Talk not of ransom," said the Empress to her husband, "lest even while we were speaking, his strong ribbed castle should totter to its base, and overwhelm us in one general ruin."

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" Nay, nay, madam," said Richard; " the people of England are not such churls as to deny that sum to purchase the freedom of their King, nor do I wish to be indebted to the generosity of the Emperor Henry. The Ambassadors from England are now in this city, prepared to pay down two-thirds of the proposed ransom, and to deliver hostages for the remainder. Say, Emperor, shall their demands be acceded to?"

" " Even so," said the Emperor; and while his avarice and fear wrung his reluctant consent from his malignity and cruelty, the big drops rolled from his temples down his cheeks, his lips quivered, and his knees trembled from the violence of the internal struggle.

"The sequel of this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and with his two companions who had acted the parts of his fellow Palmers, arrived safely in England, on the 20th of March 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy; his exploits became familiar topics of conversation amongst all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; and above all his adventure with the lion was made the theme of universal wonder and eulogy, and procured for him his popular name of *Cœur de Lion*. [*The Sphynx.*

Fashions for February.

(*From La Belle Assemblie*)

OPERA DRESS.—A dress of white satin, trimmed with two rows of ornaments representing rosaces formed of satin *rouleaux;* each row divided by a *rouleau* across the skirt, and another *rouleau* concealing the hem next the shoe. The sleeves long, and fitting almost close to the smaller part of the arm, are confined at the wrists with very broad gold bracelets, fastened by a cameo-head, set round with rubies. The hair arranged *á la Madonna* with a *candeau* of pearls crossed obliquely over the left side of the tresses, in front: on the right is a full cluster of curls, forming a bow, and so elevated, as to appear like an ornament on the turban, which is of celestial blue and silver-lama gauze. Over the dress is worn a cloak of Parma-violet coloured velvet, trimmed with chinchilla, forming a very broad border round the bottom of the cloak and down each side of the front. A Russian manteletcape of plain velvet, falls as low as the elbow, and over that is a pelerine-cape, entirely of chinchilla. This superb mantel ties in front of the throat from two antique medallion ornaments, with rich silk *cordon*, terminating by large tassels, which depend as low as the knee.—The earrings are not pendant, but are composed of clusters of rubies.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of white taffety, with two full puckerings round the border, in distinct rows; these are of *tulle*, and over them are laid in bias, *rouleaux* of satin, of the colour of the young holly-leaf, or of a bright cerulean-blue, according to fancy; these ornements are headed by a *rouleau* of the same colour, and by a row of *clochettes*, reversed, which are formed also of narrow *rouleaux*. The body is finished in front with *ficku*-robings, which are edged with a double range of narrow *rouleaux*, of the same colour as those on the skirt; and the stomacher part is gathered full across, with the fulness, confined up the centre of the bust by a narrow double *rouleau*. The sleeves are short, plain, and very full, and are confined round the arm by a narrow band of green or blue satin, and the waist is encircled by a ribbon of the same tint. The hair is arranged in curls round the face, over which is a *béret* of blue or green; bows of one of these colours, in chequers on a white ground, ornament this head-dress under the brim, next the hair, where is also placed, on the right side, near the centre of the forehead, a bird-of-Paradise plume; another is placed over the *béret*, on the summit of the head, and waves gracefully over the left side. The ear-pendents are short, round, and of fine gold.

(*From Ackermann's Repository of Arts.&c)*

PROMENADE DRESS.---Merino high dress of *giroffe* colour, made plain, and fastened in front; the waist long, whith a bread band of the some material as the drees, *gigot* sleeves, with deep black velvet cuffs, ornamented with gold buttons: circular black valvet cape, trimmed with black lace. The skirt has a border of black velvet, cut bias, and adorned with five gold buttons in front; blue and scarlet silk kercheif, beneath the dress, rises just above the cape, and ties in front.—Circular hat of blue velvet; the crown full; the brim, broad in front and narrow behind, edged and trimmed with *giraffe* coloured valvet: the trimming in front resembling fern shape; the strings are *en bride*, but not very long. Light blue gloves; *giraffe*, colour shoes; chinchilla muff.

EVENING DRESS.---The body of scarlet velvet, made close to the shape, and quite plain; pointed in front, and ornamented with a cruciform bow, and edged with gold lace; circular epaulettes, edged with gold on either side. Farinet tucker, of longitude folds of white *crepes lisse:* sleeves of scarlet velvet, short, full, and stiffened; long sleeves, of while *crêpe lisse:* full, to the wrist, where they are terminated by broad gold filligree bracelets, with cameo clasps. The skirt is of white China crape, finished with a broad wadded hem, and ornamented with two flounces of white *crèpe lisse*, cut bias, and double, edged with narrow scarlet velvet, and headed by a row of vandyke or *dents de loup*. The hair is parted in front, and arranged tastefully in curls on each side. Corenet shape head-dress of jewels, set in gold and silver gauze. Necklace and earrings of filligree gold, adorned with emeralds and pink topazes. Imperial Chinese yellow gauze scarf; white kid gloves, embroiderd in the from of a star at the backs, and confined beneath the bracelets; silver tissue shoes.

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